

THE  
COUNT DE HOENSDEEN;

*A GERMAN TALE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
CONSTANCE, THE PHAROS, ARGUS, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE,  
J. PARKER, W. JONES,  
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CHAP. I.

**L**ET us now then follow the fortunes of the innocent exile. Arriving safely at Leghorn with his friend Griffin, his lordship, as cautiously as before, visited the Baron de Bergzeyl, and endeavoured to atone to him for the disappointment they both had suffered, by offering him every exertion he could have claimed from a son-in-law. The Baron had already conceived an affection for Lord Fines, which his conduct now improved. Colonel Lusingen was absent in Germany. It was therefore agreed to keep what respected his daughter, and must wound his feelings, a secret from him. To her ill qualities the Baron bore abundant testimony, and convinced his visitant that she was in reality and *seeming*, a very different creature.

A long conversation, productive only of good wishes, ended before either of the party was disposed to separate. — Lord Fines excused himself for going, by the necessity of paying some attention to his travelling companion. “It,” replied the Baron, “he is one whom you think deserving of your confidence, I will not deprive my-

‘ self of the pleasure of seeing you often by excessive caution. When I have next the honour of a visit, let your friend accompany you.” Lord Firnes, highly gratified, and forgetting, as all did who conversed with the Baron, that he had ever stopped short in the course of virtue, saw him only as an object of pity, and loved him only as the father of Ypsilanti.

The next day his lordship repeated his visit with Mr. Griffin; and now made more explicit offers of service, the result of a very long conference on the subject, in which they had spent the major part of the night. Foreseeing that, unless Lord Firnes’s mind was kept constantly in action, it would be overcome either by his home distresses, or his passion for Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, Mr. Griffin was ready to accede to every project of business that he could start; and with this view consented more readily than he would perhaps otherwise have done, to a romantic proposition his lordship made, of endeavouring to soften the animosity of the Vringen family, with whom he had formed a slight acquaintance while in Germany, towards the Baron, whom he was perhaps interested for, equally by his natural humanity, and a faint hope that after all his difficulties an hour might come which should attach them more closely. However it sped, he knew he attempt would recommend him to the favour of Ypsilanti; and this was stimulative sufficient.

As when he left the Baron all places were alike indifferent and irksome to him, he was glad to have somewhat, independent of his own distresses, to guide him; and he dress up his scheme so encouragingly, that he for whom it was projected



ed, did not long oppose it, cheered by the hope of once more dismissing those anxieties which did not grow less painful even by becoming habitual.

After spending but a few days in Italy, he and Mr. Griffin directed their course into Germany, and to the castle of Vringen. The Count himself was gone to Hoensdern with his younger son. Count Herman was at Vringen; and the Countess suffering every day by the increasing brutality of her husband, was confined a close prisoner there.

Access to Count Herman was obtained without difficulty: he recognised Lord Firnes, received him and his friend politely, and insisted on their making Vringen their hotel while business or pleasure attracted them to that part of Germany. Lord Firnes, though disposed to receive every well-meant instance of hospitality, had a spirit that could not brook the appearing under the guise of a visitor, when in truth he was a petitioner. He therefore, before he had accepted any other civility than that of admission, opened the business he came on, and begged Count Herman's interposition with his father for a man who, however undeserving he might have been, was now reduced to a state of repentance and submission that claimed pity, and who having renounced all but a very precarious subsistence, could not be punished into farther renunciation.

Count Herman replied in no intimidating manner, though he was far from explicit. He excused himself from making any promise, on account of his limited power, but undertook in general to *see what could be done*. He then, as if with some interest for the family, enquired after Ma-



demoisella de Bergzeyl, and on this head was more inquisitive than Lord Firnes's feelings could well bear, yet he avoided acknowledging any thing more than that she was safe under the protection of his father and mother, and that by the untimely death of Captain Lusinguen, she was at present free from engagement.

Nothing that had been either said or suppressed interrupted the harmony of this newly-formed trio. No mention had been made of the *enlèvement* of Mad. Lusinguen; and the party sat down to a table splendidly covered, in all the peace that the best disposed of them could desire. While at dinner a letter was brought to Count Herman: his guests insisted on his opening it; he glanced his eye twice or thrice over it, frowned, smiled, and then put it in his pocket. The dinner concluded, the glass circulated briskly, and the Count, though of a temper not naturally jovial, seemed to anticipate the freedom of long acquaintance. He again enquired about Ypsilanti, toasted her in a bumper, and then drawing the letter from his pocket, in a tone of the utmost jocularly, enquired after Mademoiselle Lusinguen, the lady he had the honour of conducting from Ostend.

Lord Firnes and Mr. Griffin, less audacious than Count Herman, felt a little disconcerted at a question, which as it were, forced them to remember what politeness made them for the present wish to forget. They replied in as general terms as possible. The Count proceeded:—  
 “You will be surprised, my Lord, if I tell you the letter put into my hand at dinner was from the Countess of Stretthling, if I do not mistake, your lordship's mother.—Read what she says.”

The

The Viscount obeyed, and with permission, gave the letter to Mr. Griffin. Both were astonished, and not a little confounded, fearing Lady Strethling's suspicion, if mere conjecture, might prove the means of thwarting their endeavours for the Baron's future quiet. But Count Herman soon dispelled their fears, and, to the unspeakable relief of Lord Firnes and his sympathising friend, boldly confirmed the Countess's supposition, and recognised Rhodolpha's claim on him.

Important as was this discovery, Lord Firnes could not but feel *astounded* at the consummate effrontery of Count Herman in making it. But his ruminations did not rest long on this point—they flew where he had deposited his heart, to his dear Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, whom he now resolved openly to solicit, and for whose sake he determined to shorten his stay as much as possible; to make a visit to her father, only for the purpose of informing him in what train affairs were, and then to set off for the land of his best hopes; in his exultation forgetting all possible obstacles, and not once invoking the *manes* of poor Casimir Lusignen.

What course Count Herman meant to take, now that he had avowed his *relative situation* with Rodolpha, was a natural question. He answered it by saying, he had not at present decided on it; but should take a short time for deliberation, before he replied to Lady Strethling's letter. Other gentlemen arriving to spend the evening at the castle, no farther mention was made of the subject. Lord Firnes and Mr. Griffin agreed to pass the night there, and the next morning to set off for the Baron de Bergzeyl's retirement, which they were too prudent to entrust with the Count.

## CHAP. II.

**W**HEN they met next morning for the purpose of taking leave, Count Herman declared it his intention to visit England, solely as he asserted, to quiet the minds of Lady Strethling and Mademoiselle Lusinguen, whose fate he deplored in a way that left no room to doubt he intended to make her the only possible amends—that of honourably marrying her. So little suspicion did his guests entertain that he had any other design, that Lord Firnes, for the sake of procuring the Count an honourable introduction at St. Leonard's, consented, at his request, to return from Italy, and accompany him through Holland to England. It was a delay the Viscount could not relish, and into which he was more awed by fear of hurting the Baron's interest, than allured by any advantage that could accrue to himself.

Lord Firnes and Mr. Griffin re-visited the Baron, communicated whatever could cheer him, and with all possible diligence returned to Vringen, where they joined Count Herman; and then taking the way of Helvoetsluys, embarked for England; after a very quick passage landed at Harwich, and reached St. Leonard's in safety.

A letter Lord Firnes had written to his mother had prepared the family for his reception; and the necessity that now sprung out of circum-

stances



stances for her ladyship to reveal her part in the business, prevented the effects of surprise on Rhodolpha, while its success disarmed her of resentment. It is true, the discovery Lady Strethling had hit on, had made a woeful alteration in even the Earl's goodwill towards the commiserated Mademoiselle Lusignen; but it had brought about a perfect right understanding between him and his wife; and considering that a very short time after the Count's arrival would free them from her, they forbore all severe animadversions on her conduct, and resolved not to infringe the laws of hospitality. It was rather a hard task to dissemble the contempt and abhorrence they felt—not so much at the false step she had made, as at the duplicity with which she had covered it. They could not bring themselves to add fresh favours; but allowed her to enjoy all she had in possession, looking forward with secret joy to the hour of her departure.

As Lord Firnes had in his letter forbore all mention of Ypsilanti, but such as good manners required, his father and mother were somewhat at a loss to guess in what disposition he would return. Their love for him was increased in tenfold proportion by his absence; and the Earl seemed to consider all he could do as too little to atone for his misguided severity. The conduct of Ypsilanti had of itself endeared her to all the house; and when contrasted by the heads of it with that of her friend, it stood forth in a point of view too advantageous to be overlooked. The gratification of their son was now their sole study; and perhaps in this awkward *hittus*, when they wished him success, but did not know how far they were authorised to plead for him, they suffered more anxiety



anxiety than is usually the lot of a lover's parents. All that remained in their power they exerted to the utmost, and by every possible act of kindness towards Ypsilanti, whom the more prominent exigencies of Rhodolpha had for a time thrown, unrepining, into the back-ground, they endeavoured to pave the way for Lord Firnes's success, as far as attaching her to them could be productive of this end.

The travelling trio arrived in safety at St. Leonard's. Lord Strethling, with a condescension that on a mind like his son's had the effect of producing only increased reverence, apologised for his too hasty condemnation of him. Lady Strethling was in hysterics of joy. Rhodolpha bridled, as if ashamed of being ashamed; and Ypsilanti, kissing his hand respectfully, whispered, "What news of my dear father?"

Count Herman's behaviour would have been more noticed, had the affections of his observers been more at leisure. As they were employed, it was not remarked by any but Rhodolpha, that while he held her hand, and was practising the pantomime of cordiality, his eyes were intently fixed on Mademoiselle de Borgzeyl; and he stared with a degree of avidity that roused all the inimical spirits inhabiting the breast of her the preference injured: but who not being over delicate in her affections, consoled herself with Lord Firnes's assurance that the Count meant to marry her, resolved to hasten that event as much as was in her power, and then by at once adopting an authoritative mode of conduct, to subdue his spirit, if not into love, yet into fear.

Lord Strethling, urged by various considerations, amongst which the desire of getting handsomely

somely rid of a disagreeable inmate was not the least potent, took the first opportunity the evening of this arrival offered, to arrange matters with Count Herman. He testified not the smallest reluctance to fulfil the purpose he was supposed come for ; said his desire to render the family easy, had induced him to set out for England before he was quite prepared for his journey, and requested only time to write to his father, who was busied in settling the affairs pertaining to their new inheritance, and whom he believed a letter would now find at Hoensdern. He represented this application as a matter of mere form, was confident of his father's ready acquiescence, and won much on Lord Strethling's credulity by the attention he seemed to pay to filial duties.

While the Earl and Count were thus employed, Lord Firnes, whose passions were kindled almost to ignition by the sight of Ypsilanti, procured an unwitnessed conference with his mother, revealed to her the whole of his hopes and fears, and requested her concurrence and her opinion as to the reception he might expect on avowing his wishes to her who inspired them. Penetration was not the family failing :—Lady Strethling ingeniously declared herself unable to decide as to his chance ; observed that the memory of Captain Lusingen did not at all wear away in Ypsilanti's mind, but yet hoped [because she wished] he might succeed. For the little satisfaction she could give him on this point, she endeavoured to compensate by assuring him, that not only her interest, but his father's, would be exerted in his behalf, and that his declaration to their beloved Ypsilanti would be seconded by their prayers for his happiness.

With

With this encouragement the Viscount was tolerably satisfied, though still dubious of his success. He passed the night partly in conversation with Mr. Griffin on this subject and the mode of broaching it, and partly in considering how he should address Ypsilanti with the least risque of offending her. Sleep had no share in his occupations this night. Alternately flushed with hope and chilled with despair, a fever was already kindled in his veins; when he rose, and having begged admission to the Earl's bedside, for whose late rising no lover could wait, he obtained his willing permission, and then sought Ypsilanti.

She was walking alone in the garden. He, desperate because he did not immediately find her, as soon as he saw her felt the presumption of his impetuosity. He halted; he would have hid himself; he would have returned to the house—but he was immoveable. She had seen him: he was ashamed of his irresolution, and hastened forward. Tears were in her eyes, and he was discouraged. She seemed anxious to conceal them, and to appear cheerful. He saw her solicitude; and endeavouring to catch even at error, if it could fan him with hope, he said to himself—"Were I perfectly indifferent to her, she would not care for her appearance," grew a little animated, and joined her.

Great as this atchievement seemed to him who had the merit of it, it was but a small progress towards the mighty work that remained behind. He had got courage enough to be silent; but much more was requisite to break that silence to any purpose; and so difficult



difficult was it at this moment, and so impossible did a few minutes render it, that their walk concluded, and they were entering the house before his lordship had made the least advantage of so favourable an opportunity.

CHAP.



## C H A P. III.

**D**RIVEN to the last extremity, and angry with himself for such culpable diffidence, his distress found its own remedy, and seizing the hand she had extended to turn the lock of the door, he intreated her to return with him to the walk they had just quitted : she, excusing herself by pleading weariness, and shewing not the least inclination to gratify him with a hearing, he was compelled by his own sufferings to detain her ; and then not one of his premeditated speeches being at all applicable to the exigency, he with an impetuosity much more likely to befriend his cause, briefly revealed the distraction of his mind, and intreated her commiseration.

She heard him with benevolent attention, and when he paused, gently withdrawing the hand he had not quitted, she expressed, in terms of pity, and with the evidence of tears, her sorrow for the situation he had suffered himself to be deluded into ; but concluded with equal dignity and gentleness in French to this effect :—" It is  
 " to-day six months since I saw my Casimir  
 " Lusungen perish : my heart sunk into the  
 " ocean with him ; and though I entertain all  
 " possible respect and due gratitude towards Lord  
 " Firnes, it is not in his power, nor in the power  
 " of the whole world, to inspire me with a se-  
 " cond affection." She then, less moved than  
 could

could have been expected, for she, poor girl! had fed on melancholy till she could digest its retreat into the house, and left Lord Firnes to pace the garden in despondency.

In going to her apartment, she met Mr. Griffin quitting his. There was, or from a partial knowledge of circumstances he fancied there was a little disturbance in her countenance. Impatient for a hint how his friend had sped, he asked her "if any of the family were yet stirring?"—"Yes," she replied, interrupting him hastily, and almost choked with the suppression of her tears, "Lord Firnes is in the garden—you had better go to him." Mr. Griffin was not physiognomist enough to decide on these appearances, but obeyed her. She then shut herself in to indulge the grief that could not be increased even by the revival of it in her memory, and that added vexation which Lord Firnes's impetuous passion had given birth to. She saw no peace for her, and could only resolve by leaving St. Leonard's with Count Herman and Rhodolpha, to avoid seeing distress she was not at all disposed to relieve, and by throwing herself into the power of the Vringen family, to accelerate whatever might be her fate.

The education she had received, though it had left all the feminine elegancies of her mind unimpaired, had given her understanding a degree of strength, and her judgment a species of correctness, that rendered her particularly inimical to the weaknesses of predominant passion. Yet, as much as she disliked what her elevated mind disdained in her own person, true philanthropy and the tenderest pity at all times pleaded with her in behalf of another. In the case of Rhodolpha,

dolpha, whom in the early years of infancy she had loved habitually, and whom the memory of Casimir now doubly endeared to her; she had forborne even secret animadversions, as thinking her misfortunes too mysterious to be rightly judged of, and had suffered commiseration of a state she simply believed self-reproach made intolerably galling, to preponderate against almost ocular proof of her unworthiness. Count Herman, notwithstanding the atonement he stood ready to offer, was an object of her well-founded dislike. No excuse could be adduced for his exculpation in his former conduct towards Rhodolpha; and though he omitted nothing that could conciliate the esteem of Ypsilanti, and seemed anxious to convince her he had acted under the guidance of severely repented resentment towards her father when he designed to carry her off, he so little gained on her good opinion, that nothing but desperation, or perhaps the hope of getting at last to her father's retreat, would have made the idea of even travelling in his company tolerable.

For Lord Firnes she entertained all the affection of a sister, though, too humble to appreciate her attractions as they deserved, she blamed his weakness in suffering her to fascinate him. Love, could he ever so powerfully have inspired it, was a passion now foreign to her heart. It was buried with Casimir Lusingen; and as she was above all the inducements of interest, and had a spirit that braved all distress that could attack her person, she saw no temptation either to hypocrisy or to compliance.

When summoned to the breakfast parlour, she excused herself, not because she shunned what was disagreeable to herself, but because she wished,



ed, for Lord Firnes's sake, to avoid him, and fearing she might in her repulse have appeared ungrateful, or that she had risked the loss of his very estimable friendship, she sat down to write to him in a manner, that while it diminished his hopes by proving the reasonableness of her firmness, she intended should convince him he possessed all the esteem, respect, and even affection, her heart now had to bestow.

She had proceeded in a business which a promptitude of thought and expression, and the most bewitching epistolary eloquence, made easy, and perhaps adequate to any less purpose, when she was interrupted by a visit from Lady Strethling, who had learnt her son's defeat, and now came to use her powers. When love cannot plead his own cause successfully, how shall friendship, even the most intimate, gain a hearing as his advocate? Lady Strethling represented, begged, and made every concession that could flatter Ypsilanti with the power of doing her a favour; but in vain. Kept cool by the absence of passion, and full only of the image of Casimir Lusingen, she at once increased the Countess's admiration of her, and awed her into silent acquiescence.

She was next sent for to the library, where was Lord Strethling alone. Too firm to be shaken, and too confident in her own resolution to shun any trial, she did not hesitate a moment to obey him. He repeated all his lady had urged, and added to it every inducement that could buy her consent. She heard him in respectful silence, and answered him in terms expressive of due sensibility and gratitude; but with so little encouragement, and so ingenuous, and yet so modest, a reprehension of Lord Firnes, for suffering him-  
self



self to be enslaved by a passion for one under the clouds of misfortune, and who must court obscurity, that the Earl, whose good sense was more rectitude of principle than strength of understanding, began to think his son as weak as she did, and that he ought to be disappointed to save his character.

The love-sick Viscount confined himself all day to his apartments, where he received Ypsilanti's letter. All was gloom and awkwardness. She who occasioned his uneasiness, was as much grieved at it as any one, and by messages, in which she strove at once to evince her own immoveable resolution, and to rouse whatever was manly in her desponding lover, she discharged every duty that was consistent with what she thought she owed to the memory of Casimir Lusingen.

## CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

IT was hoped, and in some measure expected by all, except Mr. Griffin, that Lord Firnes's dejection would wear off without injury to his health; but in this they were mistaken. He loved too sincerely to be under any other influence, too ardently to allow the least power to his reason. His fever, which had never since it's first attack been entirely combated, returned with increased impetuosity, and in three days was at a height that rendered his safety doubtful. Ypsilanti's sufferings exceeded, if possible, those of his parents: she accused herself of hard-heartedness, and wished to relieve him; but not at the expence of her sacred constancy. Her life she would willingly have laid down for his restoration, but her heart was not his, and her hand could not be his. Conceiving much of his malady to arise from voluntary weakness, she advised him to see her, and by thus facing his enemy, she promised he would learn to conquer. He followed her counsel, not because he hoped benefit from it, but because to see her was a delightful gratification. She came in negligence that she hoped would counteract all allurements, and wished, sincerely wished, she could have put off her corporeal form, and have approached him all mind. In her conversation she tried all that could rouse, shame, and convince him; told him, if he valued her good

good opinion, he would cease to love her, since she despised a weakness that flattered her, and finding all this, however true, and however abstracted from degrading consideration, had little effect, she conjured him, out of pity to her, to conquer his affection, since though it could not shake her principles, or influence her practice, it might harass her, and by setting before her eyes the magnitude of the loss she had suffered, it renewed every moment her memory of and regret for, Captain Lusinguen.

Her eloquence exhausted, her spirits failing, and her last effort being now made, she left him, not without the hope, that if her medicine was not immediately salutary, it would in the end operate to his advantage: she was persuaded, on an appeal to her own heart, that such reasons as she had adduced, even unaided by persuasions, would have abundantly answered the end required:—not once considering that there is a wide difference, not only between two persons, one enslaved by love, the other the willing subject of reason, but that between her and Lord Firnes there subsisted a still greater disparity, for her mind was not in a *negative* but a *repellant* state.

Nothing was now thought on but Lord Firnes; nor was any thing omitted that the united efforts of the family could do towards his recovery. Nevertheless, at the end of ten days, he was in the utmost danger, and Ypsilanti was now looked to by all, and expected to give way. Lord and Lady Stretchling assailed her, as if it was a new point of discussion. She was inflexible, and really began to resent a conduct which preferred the indulging a weakness she thought truly reprehensible



henfible to that which should have taught their son more fortitude. She could not believe Lord Firnes would die: she believed herself justified in being inexorable; for Mr. Griffin, attached as he was to his pupil, forbore pleading for him. Seeing how little all she had done availed, she was led to suppose its contrary the right path, and therefore resolved to do the only thing which remained in her power; and that was to withdraw immediately from the house.

A measure so violent she was well aware depended entirely on dispatch and secrecy for effect: had she once asked herself whither she should go, or how subsist, she must at least have paused on the question. All self-consideration she therefore threw aside, and saw only that her presence had been mischievous, concluded that her absence would remove its effects, and that she was about to do what alone could preserve to her the liberty of doing her duty.

It was evening when she formed a design that could be justified only by the distracted state of her mind, harrassed by misfortunes, and now torn by conflicting claims on her heart. The general attention being directed to one object, Rhodolpha and Count Herman, who were waiting more tranquil times, were the only persons whose observation she had to fear. Them she escaped, and in the twilight stole through the grounds, hoping that when her back was turned on St. Leonard's, her sorrows would at least cease their perturbations.

But Ypsilanti, how highly soever her intellectual powers had been improved by tuition, was yet a novice in the knowledge of the human heart. Inclined to suppose all people like herself,  
her

her flight was cleared of every imputation of cruelty by her firm belief that it would recover Lord Firnes, whom she considered as impeached by a supposition that doating passion could be victorious over reason. Here she was grievously mistaken; nor was she less so when she imagined that by an adherence to the loftiest principles of disinterestedness and fidelity, she should calm the commotion of her bosom. Though vicious compliances are of all treachery against virtue the most subversive of her rights, and the most dangerous to ourselves, there is a degree of lenity to the frailty of human nature that is necessary, not only to our going easily through the world, but to the discharge of our moral duties. The most resplendent qualities are not always those suited to our intercourse with mankind; if they occasion us to overlook subordinate claims, they become vicious. The immolation of a son might be highly meritorious in those ages which were to set examples to posterity of the empire that might be maintained over the affections; but who now would be enthusiast enough to admire such a triumph of brutality over the love of our Creator implanted in us towards our offspring, except it were the produce of a climate unenlightened by the sun of Christianity?

Ypsilanti's fortitude then, when practised in the world, became stubbornness; and though no one could deny, that if two persons were to be wretched, it was fittest he should suffer in whose passions the mischief originated, yet had the Viscount died in consequence of his love and its rejection, the object of it would instantly have accused herself of his murder.

A temper so exquisitely counterpoised as hers, could

could not long preponderate on either side. Justice flew to adjust the balance before affection kicked the beam, and, bearing godlike mercy in her hand, whispered the trembling fugitive, that the memory of the dead ought not to authorise cruelty to the living, and that if the weaknesses of humanity were to meet no commiseration, the sympathetic affections were given us to no purpose.

Stung by new conviction, she halted, and turned to go back. Scarcely had she proceeded a step in her return, when again the impossibility that Lord Firmes should die for so inadequate a cause, presented itself: she believed there was a combination to impose on her pity; and she took a final resolution to disappoint it. Stern virtue had again armed her: she combated every sentiment that could betray her, would suffer no image to stand before her mind's eye but that of her dear Casimir, and had she been on the sea-coast, would, in the frenzy of her agnation, have plunged to meet his spirit, and tell it how faithful she had been to his memory.

It grew dark before she had thought of shelter. That she found any was accident; for her feet had laboured without a guide. Weak fears she was a stranger to; but the failure of her strength warning her to stop, she looked round, saw a cottage near her, and asked admittance.

The door was readily opened to her, and her request to be allowed to pass the night there willingly granted. She soon found she was not known, and as the little English she had occasion to make use of, did not strike the peasants as that of a foreigner, she hoped she should escape detection till she had resumed her wandering journey.

The



The fatigue she had undergone promised her quiet rest ; but the perturbation of her spirits kept her waking. Her benefactors at St. Leonard's were named with her father in her prayers ; and natural piety, and the sincerest benevolence, prompted her to particular earnestness in imploreing heaven's mercy on Lord Firnes. The recording angel could not have registered the devout wish when some unopposed inmate of her bosom whispered her, " Canst thou hypocritically ask " mercy for him to whom thou shewest none ?"—Again she was disturbed and doubtful, wishing to do right, and sincerely wishing that rectitude might be found in the steady conduct she was pursuing.

Her first slumber presented to her the idea of Casimir, welcome even in all the horrors of death. She smiled in greeting the shade ; but it repelled her with a frown she had never seen him assume : it pointed to a couch, on which she fancied Lord Firnes expiring. Startled at the sight, and still more at the import of these shadows, she sprang up, and clasping her hands together, as if addressing the sacred unembodied form of him she answered, she cried, " And is it thy " will, O heaven ! thus revealed, that I should " submit ? far, from me be every attempt to " oppose thy high commands."

Her constancy subdued, she would have bowed implicitly under any yoke to avoid the tortures of her bosom ; but this was not allowed her. Still a struggle, a most violent struggle remained to be endured. She suffered from the strength of her own mind what an athletic person experiences in the moments of death : to him corporally, and to her mentally, a strong constitution is and was but an increase of agony.

No longer able to persuade herself of that security she had supposed to have its basis in truth, she could not disbelieve Lord Firnes's danger. As we not only act but think in extremes, she, the instant she admitted the possibility of it, supposed it decided and irremediable. He was dying, nay, perhaps he was dead. Anew lashed by this stimulative, she rose from her iron couch, dressed herself in haste, and prepared at the first dawn of day to retrace the path to St. Leonard's, and to offer herself a willing sacrifice to save the son of her benefactor from the grave.

The man answering in the affirmative, and desiring to relieve the anxiety his lord's family felt for his recovery, he had no objection to her going, and feeling one of Lord Stirling's friends, he was not less anxious to see her.

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CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

**S**HE was scarcely ready to set out, when a violent knocking at the door of the cottage startled her. It was answered by those beneath her: she heard conversation, and could presently discover she was enquired for. Anxious to embrace the opportunity of discovering herself, and perhaps getting back immediately, she hastily went down, and seeing one of Lord Strethling's footmen whom she knew, she enquired if he was in search of her.

The man answering in the affirmative, and beginning to describe the anxiety his lord's family had suffered on her account, and to detail what persons had set out what ways in quest of her, she stopped him short, by desiring him instantly to conduct her to St. Leonard's, where she would explain the motives of her flight. Her haste to set out was thwarted by what she deemed needless care.—The servant said he had his lady's orders not to suffer her to return on foot, but to bring her in one of their carriages, which would be with her presently.

The delay of five minutes under such circumstances was the torture of an age; and all she could urge was spent in endeavouring to shorten it; but the man preferred the obedience he said he was enjoined, and she was relieved in about half an hour, by a summons to the chaise.

She



She rewarded her host and got in, too much occupied by the distress of her own mind, to regard external appearances. Day was just breaking, and a very short time would have carried her to St. Leonard's. Lord Firnes was in idea her companion, and on him she was so intent that the sun shone full on her before she recollected that she had been, notwithstanding the hasty pace of the horses, a long while on the road. Imagining she must be within view of the house, she looked out, but knew none of the objects in sight. Suspecting only that her driver had mistaken the road, she called to him, but to no purpose. It then struck her observation, that the carriage she was in bore no resemblance to Lord Strethling's. Every thing about it had the sordid appearance of a hack post-chaise. She grew alarmed, looked out again, and saw the servant who had come in search of her, following at a distance on horseback. She beckoned him ; but he heeded her no more than the postillion had done. A town lay before them, and she determined, in passing through it, to make known her situation. Who was at the bottom of what was evidently a plot, she could not guess : her suspicions went at first no farther than the servant with her ; but that he should have any interest in so extraordinary an attempt was improbable.—“ It cannot surely be a scheme of “ Lord Firnes's ?” said she to herself. Then dismissing the idea, as derogatory to his character, and an infringement of the justice to which she deemed every one unheard entitled, she diverted her thoughts from the fruitless investigation, and turned them only on the means of opposing her deceivers. Contrary to her expectations, the

C

chaise

chaise stopped at the entrance of the town to change horses. She hoped to have been removed to another chaise ; but seeing that was not intended, she had recourse to an innocent artifice. Without giving the attendants the least reason to believe she distrusted them, she told her follower, on his coming up to the chaise, the way was so much longer than she expected, that she must alight for refreshment. The man hesitated at first ; but some people coming out of the inn, he seemed afraid and complied.

As she went into a parlour, she heard him tell a young woman who came for her orders, that she was disordered in her mind, and had escaped from her friends ; but whether the woman was aware it was a stale trick, or detected it as a falsehood, she paid more attention to Ypsilanti than to the caution ; and asking her a few questions, seemed to suspect she was suffering under the power of villainy.

Her looks encouraged her guest to make known herself and her distress ; and her confidence was well requited, for the woman instantly alarmed all the male part of the family. They came to her assistance, and undertook her defence ; but though immediate search was made for the servant, he had warning sufficient to escape ; and all she could learn respecting her ill treatment was, that the driver of the chaise was Ricci, Lord Firnes's discarded valet, who had lost all that remained of his credit on the arrival of Count Herman Vringen, and had been expelled St. Leonard's with the infamy he merited.

This discovery, instead of clearing up the matter, tended only to perplex it. She had neither time nor attention to bestow on unprofitable

table scrutinies ; but ordering a chaise, she set forward without delay for St. Leonard's, the master of the house and three of his men attending her.

Her joy at seeing a house she had so sorely repented leaving, was sadly abated by the fear that she had arrived too late. It was past noon, and the distress of the family who lamented her unknown fate for her own sake, and doubly on account of Lord Firnes, to whom any misfortune befalling her must be fatal, was increasing every minute, in consequence of an apprehension Mr. Griffin had been compelled to divulge, that the persecution she had endured had driven her to some desperate act.—She was therefore welcomed as one arisen from the grave ; and when she declared to the Earl and Countess her readiness to sacrifice every consideration to their peace they almost smothered her with caresses.

Lord Firnes had continued without alteration, and there was yet ground to hope he would recover, if Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl took on herself the office of his physician. No one chose to anticipate the joyful tidings ; but Lady Strettsling went to prepare him for seeing Ypsilanti, whose absence had been effectually concealed from him.

All seemed overjoyed at this change of sentiments, except Mr. Griffin ; all were pleased with it, except Rhodolpha, to whom the agonies that had preceded it were foreign ideas, and her friend's elevation and supposed happiness, thorns of envy. Mr. Griffin would have thought nothing less than this shocking sacrifice of pious prejudices, too much to save Lord Firnes ; but equally attached to him and Ypsilanti, and pene-



trating by observation into all that racked her soul, he saw the misery had not diminished ; it had only changed its subject, and he deplored her condition as sincerely as he could his pupil's.

At the time of her return, Count Herman was absent from St. Leonard's, a thing not usual with him, as he had no acquaintance in England. He came back early in the evening, complained of extreme indisposition, and went to bed. At that time Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl was in Lord Finnes's apartment, sitting by his bedside in tears, and endeavouring to compose herself sufficiently for the important disclosure she had to make.

His fever was not abated, but he was perfectly sensible : the little he said was expressive of his love for her, his resignation to his fate, and his certainty that it could not be long deferred. Seeing her weep, he took her hand, and said, " I do not mean to reproach you ; it is true, I die in consequence of my passion for you : I ought to have opposed instead of indulging it. You have acted nobly, even in your cruelty to me ; and all I now wish is that I were him you honour by such fidelity."

" Live, my Lord," replied Yphilanti, bursting into tears ; " live, and take the place of my lamented Casimir :—I can no longer cherish his memory as my heart bids me, without being guilty of a complicated crime. I must be inhuman to you, and ungrateful to those who have saved my life. If then I possess the power you fondly attribute to me, command it. I have conquered every prejudice, and am ready to resign myself to you. When your wife, duty and gratitude shall guide eve-

“ ry action ; but should I now and then heave  
 “ a sigh to the memory of him who had my  
 “ earliest affections, impute it to the weakness  
 “ of my nature, and forgive it.”

The exertion this agonising submission had cost her, prevented her witnessing its effect on Lord Firnes. She had only time to ring his bell before she sunk down more lifeless than himself. She was moved to her own apartment : Lady Strethling took her place, and divided her attentions between these two interesting objects of them. By the physician's direction, Ypsilanti was kept alone and quiet : she passed a restless night, but was rewarded for her sufferings early in the morning, by hearing that Lord Firnes was considerably mended.

Every hour now produced a visible change in him, and the house was to its noble owners again a scene of peace, joy, and congratulation. As soon as the excess of anxiety wore off, the extraordinary accident that had befallen her, was enquired into ; but to no purpose. Neither Ricci nor Lord Strethling's footman were heard of, and the matter was lost in impenetrable mystery.

In a few days, Lord Firnes began to gain strength ; and matters were put in train for a happy termination to the family uneasiness, by a double marriage on the same day, between Count Herman and Rhodolpha, the Viscount and Ypsilanti, who, with an heroic superiority over all personal considerations, gave dignity even to submission, and with true generosity strove to conceal all her reluctance, that the sacrifice she was making might not be wanting in its effect.

He for whose restoration she was giving up more than life, possessed enough of her esteem

to convince her she might be happy with him, if at peace with herself; and she was well disposed to take in good part all his efforts to conciliate her affections. But that which facilitated this important end the most, was his promise, that her condescension should immediately produce her father's re-establishment in comfort. His plan was settled for taking her into Italy as soon as possible after their marriage; and he assured her nothing should remain neglected that could obliterate the Baron's misfortunes from his remembrance. Gratitude for such kindness now filled the place of a warmer passion, and stimulated her to give every proof of her satisfaction in what she had reluctantly done.

**CHAP.**



## CHAP. V.

**T**HE conduct of Count Herman, while a guest at St. Leonard's, had appeared not only unexceptionable, but highly laudable. He had waited his father's approbation of his marriage; but that not arriving, he declared his honour concerned to screen Mademoiselle Lusinguen from the censure of the world, by an immediate union with her, and had therefore without waiting longer for parental authority, fixed the day of Lord Firnes's wedding for his own.—Towards the Baron de Bergzeyl he seemed to entertain no sentiments but those of pity. He condemned all family animosities, and took away all suspicion of his sincerity, by confessing that his abode in this happy family at St. Leonard's, had convinced him of the abundant errors of his education. A sense of duty and an apparent anxiety to atone for a fault it seemed agony to him to call to mind, so stimulated him in attention to Rhodolpha, that by those not in the secret, he was considered as seriously and voluntarily in love with her. To Ypsilanti he gave every proof of the most exalted friendship; and each succeeding day increased the good opinion his deportment, in spite of past follies and subsequent prejudices, had generated. They lived on terms befitting their near consanguinity, and seemed only solicitous to erase from each other's remembrance, that

the one had been involuntarily guilty of injustice, and the other of severity, more justifiable in its motive, but indefensible in its degree.

Lord Firnes's health was quickly so far re-established, that a day only one week off was named for the consummation of his happiness. The pity that had worked on Ypsilanti abated as her terrors subsided, and she became almost as reluctant as ever to give up her ideal union with the departed spirit of Casimir. But heaven and her own heart were her only confidants. The overpowering repugnance would for ever obtrude and torment her with a thousand idle doubts, fears and suppositions: she banished them; they returned, and rendered the task of cheerfulness every hour more irksome. Yet their effects did not betray her; for as she always opposed them, by shunning solitude, and in hopes of triumphing by severity over her feelings, generally sought to stun them by compelling herself to be with Lord Firnes, he and his family construed this preference of his company according to their wishes, and were completely ignorant of its cause.

Mr. Griffin's sagacity was not, however, to be deceived; and doubting his own ability to stand the last scene of this sacrifice, if he were called on to act as high-priest at it, he made an excuse to be absent, and some days before that named for the wedding, set off for the west of England. Count Herman, too, read much of what passed in Ypsilanti's mind, and communicating it to Rhodolpha, she tried to get at her friend's real sentiments; but they were not such as she chose to trust with any one, and they were left to make conjectures.

Three days were now all that remained for the innocent indulgence of her sorrows, when Count Herman

Herman meeting her at noon in the garden, to which she had retired in hopes of avoiding observation, took advantage of the traces of sorrow on her countenance, to remark on the visible dejection of her spirits, the just ground she had for melancholy, and the distressing situation she was reduced to ; for all which he expressed the sincerest concern ; and heartily wished it in his power to relieve her. She was too fairly caught to deny what she felt ; but not caring to strengthen his conjectures by any confirmation, she remained silent. He proceeded to shake her principles, by blaming Lord Firnes's pusillanimous conduct ; observed how little he deserved the name of a man, who suffered passion to prompt him to the invasion of her sorrow ; and concluded this part of his harangue by saying, that though he did not pretend to Lord Firnes's formal morality, he yet hoped he had too much honour to solicit the hand of a woman who had declared her heart buried with another.

The promise Ypsilanti had made to Lord Firnes and his family preponderated against these and all other suggestions Count Herman could urge ; and so conscientiously did she adhere to it, that not even her discovering, had it been possible that he to whom it was given was entirely unworthy of it, would for a moment have staggered her. The Count then, between jest and earnest, rallied her on being frightened into matrimony, and hinted that Lord Firnes's danger had been magnified for that purpose. This would not do : she replied only, " I have promised, and will not break my word."

Her companion now, as if driven to his last card, and extremely unwilling to play it, paused,



and prefacing what he had to say, by apologising for the indecorum he should be thought guilty of in renewing her affliction, intreated, as a favour he should ever acknowledge, to be told how far she had engaged herself to the unfortunate Captain Lusinguen. The tears gushed from her eyes while she answered, as if shocked into ingenuoufness, that she was bound to him by vows the most sacred, and such as she should expect the vengeance of heaven to follow the breach of.

“ Permit me to ask, and forgive my inquisitiveness,” said the Count,—“ were you married?—I have reasons for questioning you, which I hope will justify my interference.”

“ We were not married,” answered Ypsilanti, “ except in the sight of heaven : we waited opportunity for the church to unite us. God knows there never was a purer union, and that no form could have added to our idea of its solemnity.”

“ Then, attached by these vows, what is it sets you at liberty ?” said Count Herman.

“ Can you ask,” replied she, looking up to him with equal wonder and grief. “ Nothing but death could dissolve our union, and that has most cruelly not *set me free*, but *abandoned* me to wander through the world a wretched outcast.”

Count Herman turned away his head, wiped his eyes, and again began ; but had scarcely uttered three words when, apparently tender of giving her pain, he checked himself, and was about to take his leave, yet with a countenance so mysterious, and such tokens in all his gestures that he had more to offer, if at all encouraged, that not even Ypsilanti’s grief could hinder her observing

observing it, or prevent her requesting, if any remained behind, to hear it.

"Your spirits," replied the Count, "are not in a fit state to bear conversation. I will see you again at a better opportunity. Believe me, though what I have said appears impertinent, it has a connexion which will excuse me."

He would have left her after these unsatisfactory sentences. She again earnestly begged to be relieved from a suspense more torturing than the greatest calamity that could befall her, and at once to hear the worst.—Count Herman stopped, looked fixedly at her, took her hand, and then said—"What proof have you that Captain Lusinguen died in consequence of the accident?"

"O! he sunk almost instantly with my dear Madame Guemené; and I was told all endeavours had been used to find his body, but to no purpose."

"This amounts to a probability, I confess; but is still far from a certainty. It was night when he fell: Rhodolpha says he was an expert swimmer; and that there were many vessels near your's. I do not mean, my dear cousin, to put the least constraint on your actions; but were you my daughter, and contracted to any man by such vows as these you speak of, I should not readily suffer you to dispose of your hand to another, without a much nearer scrutiny as to the fate of your first lover."

Ypsilanti was startled and perplexed. All that Count Herman had urged accorded too well with her own feelings to find the smallest opposition to its admittance. He saw it worked on her,  
made

made his bow, retired, and was not to be called back.

Repenting most sincerely of the weak, tho' now apparently culpable compliance her apprehensions for Lord Firnes had terrified her into, she felt equally criminal in her promise and her wish to break it; and met him on entering the house with looks nothing but indisposition, which she had no cause to feign, could reconcile with her previous and general behaviour.

Deprived by her situation—by the various relations to, and connected interests of all the family with what concerned her, of all hope of sympathy, she sought Rhodolpha, as the only one she could even name her griefs to; related all the circumstances of Count Herman's accidental meeting with her in the garden, and concluded by expressing her concern that Lord Firnes had crossed her in returning, as he had observed her unseasonable dejection, and might justly be piqued at it. "I would be without his love," said she, "but I cannot consent to forego his esteem."

Rhodolpha, though unable to advise, was particularly attentive to all she said, and repeatedly questioned her as to the minutest particulars. Ypsilanti took all this for the effect of a wish to devise some remedy for her complex distress. In this amiable credulity she was immeasurably wide of the truth.—Rhodolpha would gladly have broken off one of the projected marriages, but not out of regard to her friend:—Envy, and the innate malignity of her own temper, were her stimulatives.



## CHAP. VI.

**T**HERE was no room in Ypsilanti's mind for any idea but that of Casimir, and the possibility of his living to reproach her of breach of faith. Nothing but the fear that she might be guilty of murder, induced her to conceal her sentiments from Lord Firnes. She could not resolve on such a measure immediately ; but every fresh consideration added strength to her resolution ; and disdaining to use hypocrisy, she, about half an hour before dinner-time, rallied all her spirits, and was able to face him, sincerely desirous he should know how little of her heart he could expect.

She went instantly to his sitting-room, and knocking at the door, waited for admittance. It surprised her not a little to hear Rhodolpha's voice in conversation with him ; but much greater was her astonishment when his Lordship opened the door, and answered her request for a quarter of an hour's conversation in the coldest hesitating terms of a civil refusal, and with no pleasant passions visible in his countenance. His manner was repelling : it was petrifying, and felt as such by Ypsilanti.

Dinner passed. The Viscount was shy. His father rallied him. He grew morose ; left the room when the dessert came, and was incomprehensibly altered in every particular. Ypsilanti  
made

made another effort for an interview. He more positively excused himself, and she began to hope it would be no difficult matter to break off the match without greatly wounding his capricious feelings. Animated by this prospect, she gave way to farther curiosity on the interesting subject Count Herman had started; and seeing him in the cool of the evening saunter into the garden, she communicated her business only to Rhodolpha, contrived to throw herself in his way, precluded by her native innocence from all suspicion that her actions could be misconstrued.

It was easy to renew the discourse. The Count asserting nothing positively, said enough to delude her to any excess of hope, adducing a variety of instances to prove the probability that Captain Lusinguen might have escaped, then almost denying the possibility of his having perished with so much skill as a swimmer, with so many persons near him, and a sea so little difficult to combat with; and, in short, building castles so perfect, except in their foundation, that Ypsilanti, rendered facile by prejudice, became intoxicated with the idea, and began to shudder at the precipice she had approached.

A conversation so interesting betrayed the interlocutors into a longer stay than was intended, and Ypsilanti was not a little disconcerted when the Countess herself came to warn her that supper waited their return. Conscious that this time had been employed in nothing that could please the family, and vexed at the disrespect she had been innocently guilty of, she excused herself confusedly; but obeyed immediately, and not at all aware that she had lost any part of Lady Strethling's favour, she, as her Ladyship had taught her

her when walking with her, linked her arm within her's, and strove to be herself. The Countess, in an evident pet, drew from her and walked before her in silence. Ypsilanti was ready to sink with fear, Count Herman took the opportunity to whisper, and that not very cautiously, an injunction to secrecy till they could digest some plan of enquiry, made a brief assignation for the next morning, and then would have joined Lady Strethling, who avoided him by mending her pace; and her intimidating fullness prepared them for the bursting of some domestic storm.

They all assembled at supper. Excepting Lady Strethling and the Viscount, all strove to be civil and good-humoured; but it was an awkward endeavour. The hour of retiring arrived, and they were all wonderfully prompt to depart, though no one appeared in the least inclined to sleep.

At an early hour next morning a message came from Count Herman to Ypsilanti, whom every variety of mental tumult had kept waking all night, desiring to speak with her immediately on a business of great importance.

She went down to him, met him in the hall, and went with him into the garden. They were scarcely out of the house, when saying only, "This was brought to my bed-side just now;" he gave her a billet, containing these few laconic sentences:

"I scorn to use remonstrance or reproach;  
 "but, as the head of my family, I will not see  
 "any member of it insulted. I have very particular reasons, which I trust I need not explain,  
 "for



“ for wishing that you, Sir, your cousin, and  
 “ Mademoiselle Lusinguen would leave this place  
 “ immediately.

“ Your very humble servant,

“ STRETHLING.”

Had not the apparent injustice and brutality of this command, roused Ypsilanti's indignation, the shock of seeing herself in an instant deprived of such friends, would have overcome her. Tears, partly the ebullitions of rage, and partly produced by the sincerest regret, gave vent to her passions, and perhaps in some measure comforted by the escape offered her, she did not hesitate to obey in silence. Yet could she not reconcile herself to the idea of leaving St. Leonard's without offering the family her tribute of thanks for their past multifold kindnesses, and without at least asking how she had merited this equal excess of severity. To her wish to say she was grateful, the Count did not object; but against all enquiry he strongly remonstrated, as productive of endless distress to her. He assured her on his knowledge, that the whole mystery consisted in the weak caprice of Lord Firnes's mind, which nothing but his obstinacy could exceed, that her highest prudence, with regard to her own interests, was to accept the liberation now offered her, and that he verily believed the infatuated family would consider her departure in silence, the greatest kindness she could shew them, since however disposed the Earl and Countess were to humour their darling, they must, when obliged thus to infringe every law of hospitality, be most woefully at a loss to support their conduct.

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To obey being resolved on, the next consideration that offered itself to her for discussion was, what course she should take when she left St. Leonard's.

To go to her father, to share all his distresses, and never again to leave him, was her first and unalterable resolution; but to get to him required assistance. She could not, consistently with her trusting no one but herself with the name of the Baron's retreat, accept a convey from Count Herman; but great part of her distress he immediately obviated by proposing, that as Mademoiselle Lusignen could yet travel, they should without delay embark for Ostend, and proceed all together to Vringen, where he pledged himself she might remain in comfort till something attracted her to remove. This offer she accepted with gratitude, as the only eligible plan for her; and was satisfied with it, knowing that an application to Dr. Buler would thence forward her into Italy.

The trio was soon ready to set out. Rhodolpha affected great resentment at the treatment they received. Ypsilanti, not able to conquer her affection for those she was leaving, and wounded to the soul at the forfeiture of their regard, wept incessantly. The Count acted as moderator, and seemed in high spirits and good humour, ridiculing Lord and Lady Strethling's inconsistency, and their fondness for their son, whom in his jocular resentment he degraded down to an idiot.

Not one of the family had appeared while their guests were preparing to leave them. Ypsilanti, notwithstanding the Count's advice, would not go without at least requesting an audience. It

was refused. The father, mother, and son, were shut up together, and seemed unanimous in unaccountable incivility.

Still Ypsilanti could not rest under unacknowledged obligations. A vacant half hour afforded her pen prompt opportunity of committing to writing her thanks and complaints. Tears mingled with her ink while she, with gratitude no resentment could abate, confessed herself indebted to lord and Lady Strethling for a prolonged existence; which, alas! she said their mysterious change of conduct would now make her question to be a blessing. She endeavoured to sooth Lord Firnes under the breach of honour he had been guilty of, by assuring him it had her hearty acquiescence, and that she exonerated him from every promise; and she concluded with expressions of sorrow so ingenuous, and displayed a heart so alive to all that was amiable, that no one could for a moment have cherished resentment against Ypsilanti, if not under the influence of strange prejudices.

This painful, yet gratifying, duty discharged, she gave her letter to a servant to be carried after her departure to Lady Strethling; and followed by Rhodolpha, and led by the Count, went through the hall to the court-yard, where the chaise waited. The domestics to whom her misfortunes, her deportment, and above all, the prospect of her union with their now idolized Lord Firnes, had endeared her, had stationed themselves in her way; and in all the various modes their various feelings pointed out, expressed the most heart-felt grief. Ypsilanti was unable to make any reply. Rhodolpha, not well pleased at the *contrasting quiet* she enjoyed, indignantly answered,



answered, " that Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl did  
 " not desire to be troubled with the professions  
 " of any body in a house where they had all been  
 " ill-treated." A violent hiss followed the taunt-  
 ing reply. Blessings were implored on Mademoi-  
 selle de Bergzeyl, and execrations in abundance  
 lighted on Mademoiselle Lusinguen.

## CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

WHEN Ypsilanti grew a little calm, it was impossible that she should not perceive into how precarious, and indeed perilous a state this sudden withdrawing the only protection she had, must throw her. It was not pleasant to be under obligations to the Vringen family, or any branch of it, and still less to be in any measure dependant on them. Rhodolpha's behaviour to Count Herman was not such as became her situation, or could forward her interest.—She imagined her power infinitely greater than it was, and presumed still more on it. They jarred incessantly: nothing that her friend could urge, prevailed on her to do what common sense, if not common gratitude, dictated; and Ypsilanti had perforce shut her eyes against the conviction, that whatever had been the sentiments of this bridegroom elect, disgust was now predominating. But no sooner had they turned their backs on St. Leonard's, than this truth became apparent; yet still there was so little reason to doubt the Count's honour and adherence to his word, that Ypsilanti verily pitied him for the folly which had involved him in the necessity of marrying a woman he, to say the least of it, did not love. Fearing Rhodolpha would mar her own interests entirely, if they were not speedily confirmed, she took the first opportunity of hinting a wish that she might leave England under the respectable protection of the Count and Countess of Hoensdern.

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The lady professed her acquiescence ; but Count Herman, whose features Ypsilanti narrowly watched, remained not only silent, but by every gesture that could indicate reluctance he would willingly have concealed, manifested the sentiments of his heart. When obliged to reply, he urged the impossibility of getting a marriage solemnized in England in a manner so *en passant*, enlarged on the forms necessary to make it valid, and convinced his auditors that, were he to indulge them, it would be a nugatory compliance, as the bond would exist in Great-Britain alone, and he should only attract curiosity and censure towards the not to be hidden situation of Rhodolpha, who now passing for his wife, was treated with becoming respect. For all his countenance had silently uttered, he avowed by observing, that as a man of honour he was bound, and therefore no one ought to question his integrity ; expressed himself more cordially than even Rhodolpha could have expected, and left no doubt on the minds of his companions that their anxiety on this point would be ended immediately on their reaching Ostend.

They stopped at an inn to dine ; and though their minds were not in a very harmonious state, no new distress alarmed them. Count Herman, who had often in the course of the journey fallen into deep reveries, was now more thoughtful than ever. He seemed in such profound meditation as scarcely to be conscious of what passed. Yet to Ypsilanti he was civil, though to Rhodolpha negligent and captious. She saw his ill humour ; and guided only by her irascible passions, provoked it still more, saying whatever was thwarting and vexatious, and arming herself with all  
the



the arts of teasing. His conduct to her, when he found her disposed to worry him, was as judicious as if *Prudence* had dictated it: he disregarded her, and suffered her tongue to range at liberty, that he might enjoy his pensiveness; till at last an equipage coming into the inn, with a splendid retinue, the genius of absurdity prompted Rhodolpha to reproach the Count for bringing her from St. Leonard's without a servant to wait on her person. It was impossible she could think of going through the journey without a proper attendant; and she should think any gentleman deficient in knowledge of etiquette, who expected a woman of rank to degrade herself.

Ypsilanti's patience could hold out no longer: she remonstrated with Rhodolpha on the folly of stickling for one ideal gratification; offered to do for her those offices she expected from a servant, and begged her to say no more on the subject. This reproof, however gentle, was enough to incense her to whom it was addressed: her ill humour was immediately turned on Ypsilanti, and she was made obstinate by opposition. The Count bit his lips, and seemed scarcely able to conceal his just resentment; but presently, and in an instant, the whole expression of his countenance changed; he went up to Rhodolpha, took her hand, carried it to his lips, and very tenderly intreating her not to suffer a wish for any thing in his power to discompose her for a moment, acquiesced in the necessity she had fancied, and promised she should go no farther without a waiting-woman. Rhodolpha exulted in the victory she had gained, not only over her supposed slave, but her enslaved friend, tossed her head

head with pride and scorn, and condescended to say she was satisfied.

The Count, wonderfully solicitous to humour her, called up the landlady. He had English enough to make his wants understood, and the matter was presently adjusted by the good woman's proposing her youngest daughter, who was a candidate for service, to attend the *Countess of Hoensdern*. All parties seemed immediately re-animated. The landlady thought she had secured her daughter's good fortune; the girl was delighted; Rhodolpha was gratified in her folly; the Count's good nature seemed happy to be drawn on; and in two hours they were to set off again.

But here a new difficulty was started. One chaise and four post-horses had hitherto conveyed the travellers and their light baggage. The Count's footman was their only out-rider: his valet was to follow with the rest of their wearing apparel, &c. One chaise would not now answer the purpose of carrying them, unless the new waiting maid was to form a separate corps, and follow her mistress. This would have mortified Rhodolpha: a coach was therefore their resource;—Ypsilanti proposed it;—it was agreed to, and the Count went out to enquire for one. He returned with news, that it was not to be procured, but that he had ordered two chaises, which would answer the purpose as well. "Then how shall we divide?" said Ypsilanti, not at all pleased with this new arrangement that threw her entirely on her cousin. "Why," replied he, "I think there can be no doubt. If *Mademoiselle Lusingen* would have her servant attend her, as is highly proper, they must

— travel

“travel together ; and then you and I must  
 “take the other chaise.”—So it was decreed,  
 not at all to the satisfaction of one of them.  
 On various pretexts they were detained at the  
 inn till after sun-set, and in a most unpromising  
 twilight entered the county of Sussex.

## CHAP.



## CHAP. VIII.

THE Count having at their setting off handed Mademoiselle Lusinguen into the first chaise, that in which the cousins were to travel followed, as by mere chance; and this seeming to have set a precedent, the order was preserved. It was not a part of their scheme to sleep on the road. The evening shut in just as they were ascending a long tedious hill. Rhodolpha's chaise was considerably a-head, but still in sight, when the Count, putting down the glass and looking out, his servant rode up towards the horses, and spoke to the first postillion. They immediately stopped, as if to rest the horses. Ypsilanti turning to look at the solemn *brunette* of the evening, saw that the chaise was now followed by three servants on horseback. She remarked on it. "I do not love," said the Count, "to make a parade of expence: but two chaises with but one out-rider would have been scandalous." Ypsilanti, neither impertinent nor suspicious, was soon satisfied. They set off again at a furious rate, and taking a road to the right before they reached the top of the hill, quitted the track of the other chaise. The Count anticipated his companion's apprehensions, and to quiet them, said, "This is the shortest way." "How do you know that?" said Ypsilanti immediately, recollecting that he was as much a stranger as herself.—"Oh," replied

he laughing, "one need not be a native of a  
 " place, to discover whither the roads lead. I  
 " have travelled all England by the most precise  
 " maps."—"God forgive me if I injure you,"  
 replied she, alive only to her newly-excited fears,  
 " I am terribly apprehensive you have some de-  
 " sign you dare not avow. Your behaviour,  
 " Count, has been extremely mysterious. For  
 " heaven's sake, give me some clue to your in-  
 " tentions."—"I have no design," said he, "I  
 " assure you, that I dare not avow; and as I am  
 " above keeping you in painful suspense, you  
 " shall hear the whole that is likely to befall you.  
 " You are now, I hope you will confess, entirely  
 " at my mercy; and for all your rascally father  
 " has done, and all the duplicity you have com-  
 " pelled me to, I will now take ample revenge.  
 " It was for this purpose alone I left Germany,  
 " not with the smallest intention of submitting  
 " to the infernal yoke of matrimony with Ma-  
 " demoiselle Lusingen, whom I detest, and  
 " whom I hope I have now got finally rid  
 " of.

"Why surely," said Ypsilanti, interrupting  
 him, "you do not mean to desert her, and leave  
 " her in a foreign country to perish?"

"Oh no," answered he with a sneering laugh,  
 "she will not perish. The comfortable credu-  
 " lity of the English will always afford her an  
 " asylum. You are mistaken if you suppose the  
 " Strethling family the only family of fools in  
 " Great Britain."

Horror at the idea of her friend's tremendous  
 situation, however well merited, transferred  
 Ypsilanti's reflections from her own distresses to  
 poor Rhodolpha's. The Count continued the  
 most

most insulting exultations at having got rid of her ; and his companion, whose well-tempered mind could have braved almost any hardship that had fallen on herself alone, dissolved into the tenderest tears of sympathy.

They stopped to change their chaise before she was at all capable of recollection, or of enquiring farther what was her impending fate. The summons to leave the carriage roused her. It was now quite night : candles were brought out at the inn, and all the Count's attendants stood by her, as if apprehending an attempt to escape ; but she was too completely dejected to be capable of an act of despair. Looking at those about her, and alarmed by seeing herself surrounded, she recognized in the persons of their two additional out-riders, Lord Strethling's servant, who had so cruelly and so unaccountably trepanned her from the cottage she had fled to a short time before, and Ricci, Lord Firnes's discarded valet. Intelligence at this instant rushed on her mind, that made her involuntarily start. It was now but too evident that the first violence offered her liberty was a disconcerted plan of the Count's to have got her into his power : her thoughts were again called back to herself ; and in the bravado of his villainy, he shortly corroborated her supposition, by avowing his share in the abortive plan.

Too little interested in her own preservation, and too high spirited to attempt an appeal to the pity of her tyrant, she remained silent and indignant while they pursued their journey in extreme haste, stopping only to change their carriage. The Count was not to be deterred by her silence from insulting her : he boasted the  
success



success of his exploit, observed how admirably all circumstances had, as it were designedly, forwarded his scheme, and tauntingly congratulated Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl on her escape from Lord Firnes, and her preservation of her nonsensical constancy to a man she had shewn herself so egregious a dupe as to believe might have escaped with life after being drowned in the sea.

The revived remembrance of Casimir brought tears again to her relief, and her sorrows were cheered by the hope that a speedy termination of them would unite her spirit indissolubly with his. For herself she had no fear, since death, the worst that could befall her, was her only hope. Addressing herself mentally to heaven, she recommended to its care her dear father and her deserted friend, and besought it so far to bless the few remaining hours of her miseries, as to preserve her in that state of purity, which was essential to her future happiness.

It was broad day when they came within sight of Dover. Count Herman, to tease his prisoner, informed her of it, and maliciously observed on the pleasant voyage across the channel the fair morning promised them. They stopped at an inn: she was ordered to alight, and led to a room. Here she knew not what treatment she was to expect: she was ignorant how little of outrage can be committed with impunity in this happy island; but the Count, a better informed cosmographer, was cautious as became him, and postponed the catastrophe of her fate to a less virtuous scene: a scene where greatness can shield, if not justify oppression, and where the dregs of feudal despotism ferment to form a poison for the defenceless.

Reiterating

Reiterating only the names of her father, her lover, and Rhodolpha, her brain whirled in rapid transitions to their various miseries, till reason and religion whispered that all shared the protection of one being, and then recommending herself to her patron saint, she calmed her torturing anxieties into hope and submission.

Refreshments were offered her. She rejected them, saying to the Count as he urged her, " Were it poison, I would greedily accept it." He laughed affectedly, and was satisfied with her refusal.

At noon she was told the packet was ready to sail, and commanded to go down to the sea side. The croud gathered to see her, and the whispers among them proved that her conductor had represented her as a young relation of his who had eloped from her friends, to whom he was, much against her will, re-conveying her.

A few hours and a fair wind conveyed them to Calais. During the voyage she had been suffered to continue on deck, the Count remaining so close to her as entirely to frustrate any attempt to engage the attention of the bye-standers. But his vigilance was useless. Without it, nothing but the possibility of dashing into the sea from the side of the vessel could have stirred her from the torpor of misery; and from this relief which the sight of the element her dear Casimir had perished in, made infinitely tempting, the number of persons necessarily on deck precluded her.

When landed on French ground, Count Herman gave her to understand that here her more sublime sufferings were to begin, and assured her, as if the certainty had been an evident comfort,

that human ingenuity, whetted by the most stimulating revenge, could not devise a punishment he would not force her to undergo. "Then, "heaven protect me," said she, "and grant "the severity of my sufferings may soon put an "end to my life."—"No, no," replied the Count, "I have no taste for murdering you, I "shall keep you alive for my own amusement."



## CHAP. IX.

**P**ERHAPS it was this malicious solicitude to prolong her existence for the pleasure of tormenting her, that induced the Count to rest the remainder of that day. He went out of the inn, leaving her a close prisoner, and returned no more till evening. His German servant brought her a dinner; and when she rejected it, and desired it might be removed, she thought she heard something like accents of humanity in his pressing her to eat. He once said "he was sorry for her."—"Can you be sorry for me," she replied, "and be an accomplice in your master's cruelty?"—"I am sorry for you, Madam," he answered firmly; "but I will be faithful to my master." It "is your father that you should blame. Why did he cheat the Count de Vringen so many years?"—Ypsilanti could not say a word even in her own defence; nor was she at all disposed to altercation, but sunk again into tears and despair.

As yet sleep had never once closed her eyes since she left St. Leonard's, and the necessity of courting it which the night brought with it, was agony sufficient to have dissipated the most lethargic habitude. Pain and death she had contemplated till she disregarded the one, and longed for the other, but triumphant villainy had power beyond these; and she had apprehensions no ab-

jealousness of misery could reconcile to her. The Count came home flustered from the gaming-table, and the obscurity of his reason, and the elevation of his spirits, seemed only to produce more dreadful purposes. He had supped, and ordered his prisoner to retire to her chamber. Uncertain as to her fate, and here alone anxious, she turned before she quitted the room, half inclined to try what humble intreaty would effect. "Let me die," said she, "by the cruellest tortures, all but the stings of even passive guilt." He would hear no more; but rising, and catching her by the arm, he again turned her towards the door, repeating in a frenzy of inflamed malice: "Do not be vain enough to imagine your boasted beauty has any power over my heart. I am not Lord Firnes. I tell you I have too much of the spirit of the devil in me to be in love with any woman for her own sake; but if I can do mischief, if I can make you completely unhappy, there I am happy, and you shall submit."

Lord Stretthling's English villain received her on the outside of the door, and followed her into the adjoining room, into which he locked her and retired. She flew to the windows; they were fast, and looked only to a small court apparently without any outlet. Her senses scarcely stood firm at this attack on all her terrors, till despair again renewing her strength, she became calm and resolute; and seating herself in the middle of the room, determined to await her destiny, and began to think whether sufferings like her's would not excuse an attempt to end herself of so torturing an existence.

Presently

Presently she heard a violent uproar in the room where she had left the Count; and the partition being but thin, she discovered that he had been alarmed by intelligence that his faithful strenuous Ricci had decamped with his portmanteau and its contents, which a large sum of money had rendered tempting to the robber, and valuable to the robbed. No wretch under sentence of death ever felt the comfort of a reprieve as she did the short respite this fortunate accident promised her. Listening to what passed, she found the Count bent on pursuing the thief himself. All was presently quiet; and she was convinced he was gone out.

It was more excusable to hope than reasonable to suppose that he had taken both his attendants with him. It was not quite impossible; and Ypsilanti, roused by her terrors, now conceived wishes to escape. Again she tried the windows: they refused to befriend her. She had heard the door locked on the outside; yet still she hoped and flew to make another fruitless trial. Beating like a captive bird against the bars of its cage, she left no corner unexplored; and at length made curious by despair, and exerting all her little remaining strength, she moved the bed, saw a door behind it, and found that, as it had not been suspected, it was not secured. Ready to betray herself through excess of joy, she opened it; it brought her to a vacant room: through this she passed, saw a stair-case, and hoping the good fortune that attended her on a similar occasion would once more befriend her, she trembling, and with unsounding feet, descended. All was noise and clamour at the bottom. She found herself in a large yard full of the lower order of  
D 5 servants;



servants : the moon shone bright : she was seen, and they were silent. Not daring to look round, she made towards a gateway leading to the street, when Conrad, the Count's German, sprang forward and stopped her. To attempt more was madness ; yet she struggled to disengage herself, till her strength failing, nothing was left her but to sue for pity. She sued to one who was too bigotted a slave to the house of Vringen to act even as his heart dictated. Whatever were his feelings, stern integrity and regard to his supposed duty were victorious ; notwithstanding which he forbore all aggravation of her misery, and with the tenderness, yet firmness, of a benevolent but rigorous jailor, escorted her again to her prison, where she threw herself on the floor, no longer the high-spirited un intimidated Ypsilanti, but the unprotected, comfortless daughter of a misjudging father.

The Count presently returned. Ricci had escaped him ; but his booty had been recovered, and now he had once more leisure to turn his thoughts towards Ypsilanti and revenge. In a few minutes he came to her ; and finding her still prostrate on the floor, he seized her arm, and with the most terrifying menaces forced her to stand. Neither of them had perceived that Conrad was close at his heels ; but no sooner had his master raised Ypsilanti, than this man, whom her intreaties could not seduce from his obedience, declared himself, if not her protector, at least an advocate for justice. Superior height and strength of body enabled him to separate her from the Count, who stood motionless, as if astonished and confounded. His man, fearless and undaunted, addressed him in language at once declaring

declaring his submissive duty where he believed the Count to have right on his side, and his firm opposition to him whenever he should deviate from that right.

Rage now flashed in Count Herman's eyes: he raised his arm to strike Conrad, who evaded the blow, and again defied him. "Do your worst, my Lord," said he, "I dare you to provoke me. I have been but too obedient to you for many years. I have screened your vices, and saved you from the punishments due to them, because your father brought me up, and my gratitude is due to all your family. I have been submissive to the ruin of my conscience, and the hazard of my soul; this is the first time I ever dared oppose you; and now I would not have done it, had you not cruelly oppressed a defenceless woman. I have engaged myself to assist you in conveying her to Vringen, because you say it is your only means of making her father restore what he wrongfully detains from you; but as no injury offered to her can be at all necessary to that purpose, I swear that should you not desist, and if you do not behave to her during the remainder of your journey as becomes her unfortunate situation, I will risque my life to release her from you."

"Get out of my sight" were all the words Count Herman's paroxysm of rage would permit him to utter; but they were bestowed in vain. Conrad, still holding the trembling Ypsilanti, did not flinch; but coolly replied: "When you are cool, my Lord, you will thank me, as you have before now, for bringing you to your recollection."

"Be

"Be gone," interrupted the Count, "or I shall murder you."

"You would hazard your own life by such an action," replied Conrad unmoved.

"I discharge you my service," said his master in a lower tone. "Let me never see you again."

"You dare not discharge me," answered Conrad. "The affair of the assassination at Verona rests you know in my bosom, and"—

"Peace, wretch," returned the Count, "or let the consequence be what it may, you shall not survive your treachery."

"Then give up this Lady to my care," replied Conrad,—"do her no injury, and depend on my silence and fidelity."

"Take her away then," concluded his master, turning from her and him in fullen indignation.

Conrad needed not twice bidding. He supported Ypsilanti to the room she had left; and having ordered a chamber to be prepared for her, he attended her to the door of it, and repeating his assurances that she would be perfectly safe, and his reliance on her honour that she would not, by attempting to escape, impeach his integrity, he locked her in and left her.

Far distant as she still was from peace, she could not but perceive, that by the singular intrepidity of Conrad, her situation was much relieved. Philosophic resignation, true Christian submission, the honest exertions of her new friend, his kind words, and the fatigue she had undergone, all contributed to calm her spirits, which, in a state of extreme dejection, were comparatively in a state of beatitude. Her immediate personal terrors being removed, her thoughts again divided between



between her father, her lover, and her friend. To the wants of one, to the spirit and sufferings of the other, she gave all the pious tribute in her power—that of heart-felt sighs and tears; and worn out with her sorrows, and recommending all her interest to heaven, she sunk into a slumber, which, by freeing her spirit from its corporal abode, suffered it to range through mansions of unfading bliss, and deluding her for the short time of her repose, waked her to fresh agony.

**CHAP.**

## CHAP. X.

**I**N the morning, long after she had risen, she heard Conrad's voice at the door. He called, as if doubting whether she was there. When she answered, and went to him, he thanked her with all the gratitude of a man who owed more than life to her honor.—She declined his acknowledgments, saying—"After what you have done for me, and said to me, a thought of escaping never entered my mind."—The sentiment seemed congenial to his own nature, and he looked more than ever her friend.

He had brought her a breakfast, and so kindly represented to her the cruelty of not assisting him in his endeavours, by doing what she could for herself, that she would not refuse to eat. She had finished her repast in tears, when the Count sent his English servant to call her.—She obeyed. He was now more surly than malicious, and so heartily disappointed by the dilemma Conrad had drawn him into, that he could not forbear saying, that were it not his father's command that she should be brought to Vringen, he would be no longer troubled with her.

In this manner, the master every hour insulting her with the most galling language, and the man effectually guarding her from any other ill treatment, they reached Coblentz, where they halted a day, that the Count might visit a friend in the neighbourhood.

neighbourhood. Entering the town, Ypsilanti's attention was caught by the figure of an elderly gentleman walking. She fancied he was some one she knew; and looking again, eager to discover a friend, she recognised him as Dr. Buler. Her surprise and joy nearly betrayed her; but something within—something not at all resolvable into reason, restrained her, and she was silent.

The Count leaving her at the inn, under the care of Conrad and the Englishman, went in quest of his friend; and she found herself too vigilantly watched to avail herself of the accident. Conrad omitted nothing that could alleviate her misfortune; but gave her no encouragement to mention her having seen one who probably could assist her. She must have abandoned all hope, had not the Count in about two hours, sent for Conrad to come to him. The Englishman was now her jailer; and to him she was not bound either in honour or gratitude. Her invention therefore, which the most laudable consideration had hitherto restrained, was again at liberty, but nothing feasible presented itself.

Her trusty guard, instead of using Conrad's vigilance, was absent, and sent her dinner up by the servants of the inn. Of them she enquired for him, and being told he had met with some of his countrymen, and was drinking with them, she hoped he was reduced to a state convenient for her. No time was to be lost, as Conrad's return was a thing of total uncertainty. She could not stay to devise a plan; but at once ventured to ask if a physician of the name of Buler was not then in Coblenz. The woman to whom she put the question, inferring perhaps from the query and her looks that she was seeking



ing medical advice, immediately replied, that Dr. Buler had been some weeks on a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and that she could easily fetch him. "Then for heaven's sake do so," replied Ypsilanti, "say nothing to any one, but make haste, or it may be too late." The woman obeyed; and hope once more cheered the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl's countenance.

The shortness of the time she waited indicated the error into which the woman had fallen, and Dr. Buler came with every demonstration that he supposed himself called to visit a stranger taken ill on the road. His surprise at seeing his former *protégée* was excessive; his joy nearly equal to her's; and when he understood that she was in distress, and that he could extricate her, she saw instantly that she had now a powerful and active friend.

With the intrepidity of a man whom rectitude of principle makes insensible of fear, he proposed taking her avowedly under his protection, waiting with her the return of the Count, and then openly espousing her cause, and wrestling her from him; but she, now made cautious by frequent suffering, preferred immediate liberation, and imagined her safety to consist entirely in secrecy.

The good Doctor, anxious only to serve her, and not at all bigotted to his own opinion, consented to aid her in the way she would point out.—"Then take me instantly hence," said she, "before the people are alarmed; find me some near shelter for one hour, and then take me—O forgive my presumption! but in pity take me to Mrs. Buler."

Her

Her request was no sooner made than in part complied with. She left the hotel, without coming across the Count's trusty Englishman, and the people she met, so far from opposing, made way for her. In dreadful agitation she gained the next street; and after a few turnings and windings, came to the house where Dr. Euler was on a visit. No encouragement that words and assurances of the most energetic friendship could give her, were wanting on the part of her conductor, who procured ready admission amongst his friends; and informing them of the heads of her story, interested them for her, and engaged their assistance.

Her solicitude to be gone was too great and reasonable to be thwarted: a carriage was ordered; and in the mean time she was persuaded to take some refreshment, and to change her dress for that of a young gentleman in the family, who was just of her own size.—All prospered as could be wished; the chaise came, and they got out of Coblenz, but had not lost sight of it when the driver was commanded to stop; a man rode up, and Ypsilanti fainted at the moment she saw it was Conrad.

He presented a carbine, and in his firmest tone insisted on the restitution of the lady, neither whose disguise nor fainting could at all shield her from his penetration. Still Dr. Euler's courage remained for her to have relied on; and he positively refused the culpable compliance demanded. Conrad coolly persisted, and threatened the most direful consequence, if force so superior as that his being armed gave him, was not instantly submitted to; but the doctor was resolute, and, attempting

attempting to expostulate, so provoked the ferocity of Conrad, that he, once more warning him, discharged the contents of his piece through his shoulder.

The loud report recalled Ypsilanti to sensibility only again to lose it, on seeing how severely her friend had suffered for her. The Count's intelligence had been too precise to have any doubt of its accuracy, or of his success in pursuing. He therefore had followed Conrad in the carriage that was to convey him the next post, and came up just as his too faithful servant was seizing the prey he had secured. Ypsilanti was dragged out and in. Conrad's humanity prompted him to order the driver of Dr. Buler's chaise to take him to the nearest surgeon's; and in a few minutes the party that had come together into Coblenz, were out of sight of it, and on the high road to Vringen.

Natural strength and strong animation restored Ypsilanti again without aid; and her aggravated sorrows were now of themselves too torturing to suffer her to sink a third time. Too completely overcome to make any further effort, she suffered herself to be dragged to their journey's end, more in the condition of a corpse than an existing being. But still, notwithstanding the provocation she had given to Conrad, he withdrew not his protection; and when she said, in extenuation of what she had done, that had *he* been the person left to guard her, nothing should have tempted her to do it, he seemed to forget what had so much irritated him, and resumed all his interest for her.



## CHAP. XL.

**C**OUNT Herman carried his prisoner in safety to Vringen ; and there, not a little wearied of exercising an office Conrad's hold over him had deprived of all its reward, he gave her up to his father.

Ypsilanti had never seen her uncle. Whatever she had heard of him, had portrayed him to her imagination in no amiable colours ; and at their first interview she could discover nothing to encourage hope, without it were that of a speedy conclusion to her miseries ; for a course of vice which his reason could not approve, and a pre-eminence in every propensity that could intimidate, and which had been obtained by a conflict with conviction, had given to his features an appearance of brutal ferocity, beyond any expression she had yet witnessed in the human countenance ; and had her despair been less, these indications were sufficient to have killed her with fear. But now, far from seeking to smooth the brow that the sight of helpless innocence seemed to furrow deeper, or to deprecate that wrath which was bursting to overwhelm her, she welcomed every horror she encountered ; and her passions were lulled asleep by the storm that should have roused them.

Interrogation succeeded interrogation, without the least care expressed for her recovery from  
her

her fatigue ; and all was summed up in a positive command to disclose the place of her father's retirement. She undauntedly confessed obedience was in her power ; but positively refused it, and braved them to extort this secret from her. Her examination seemed closed in this negative, and the father and son were retired to a corner of the room to consult together, when from the opposite side entered a younger gentleman, whom Ypsilanti had not yet seen. A family-likeness, and the welcome that passed between him and Count Herman, bespoke him to be his brother. Being informed who the stranger was, which her male habit did not at first point out, he paid her something like respect ; and observing she looked extremely ill, he compelled the advisers to suspend their deliberations, by representing the necessity of Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl's having rest and refreshment.

Little attention being shewn him, he took her arm, and would have led her out of the room. His father forbade him ; and he finding her unable to stand, desisted, and left her. A transient ray of hope had darted across her mind, that here heaven had raised her up another friend ; but the manner in which he quitted her did not confirm the supposition ; and could she have sunk lower into misery, the conviction that she had deceived herself, would have been severely mortifying.

The consultation went on, little notice being taken of her presence. She heard propositions for confining her, and compelling her to give up the information she had refused ; but she heard them with indifference. Nothing was positively decided on, when the same young gentleman, whose

whose looks had betrayed her into hope, returned, and himself bringing her a large glass of wine and water, and some little cakes, convinced her that in her first favourable supposition she was not entirely mistaken.

She would not repel his kindness by refusing its first fruits; and while she availed herself of his humanity, he cheered her still farther by consolatory expressions, which however were soon stopped by the Count de Vringen's ordering him to leave the room. "You are taking part," "Maximilian, with the mortal enemies of our family," said his father.

"Far from it, Sir," replied the young man, "I approve entirely of your detaining my cousin in your hands, and shall never oppose any means you adopt for compelling my uncle to do us justice; but as the suffering her to die would not only be useless, but preclude all hope of discovery, I really think I serve your cause by relieving her necessities."

The tone with which Count Maximilian uttered this reply, annihilated all the comfort Ypanti felt kindling in her bosom, and converted all his seeming charity into the most insidious cruelty.—Again she was desponding, and scarcely alive to her misfortunes.

After she had remained near an hour in an abyss of misery not even Maximilian strove to make her for a moment forget, a very old woman was introduced, and she was commanded to follow her. She would have obeyed; but her feet refused their service, and she was borne between her new attendant and Count Maximilian to a small chamber in the farthest part of the castle.

They



They had so much compassion as to lay her strait on the bed; and then, the Count retiring in silence, the old woman took her post of guard, and added to her prisoner's other sufferings that of talking incessantly; and, by advising her, without giving either hope or reason, to be comforted, perhaps thought she discharged every duty that humanity required.

The resources of her own mind were the most able supports to Ypsilanti in all distress. Had her fate been unconnected with that of others, her fortitude would have been proportioned to the call for it; but every endeavour to be calm—all consideration that submission to inevitable evil was far less painful and more advantageous than any opposition, was counteracted by the remembrance of her father, and the dreadfully precarious fate of Rhodolpha Lusingen, whom her imagination portrayed to her as suffering every species of woe human nature is exposed to; her long-lamented friend, Madame Guement, and the still more intimate partner of her heart, ill-fated Casimir, she had ceased to think on with regret; they were, to her corrected sense, objects of justifiable envy, and she was too consistent to mourn for those she knew to be in a state of beatitude.

But in the multitude and variety of her ruminations, she discovered one remaining encouragement to her exertion. "While I am alive," said she to herself, "I, in some measure, ward off the indignation of this family from my father: when I fall, their revenge can find no employment but that of seeking him. They may succeed; for if it is heaven's will he should not remain concealed, what human  
"caution

“ caution can protect him ? Let me not then  
 “ withdraw myself, and leave the blow to light  
 “ on him : let me rather bear up, and who  
 “ knows but the vengeance may exhaust itself ?  
 “ Death is the worst I have to fear ; and it would  
 “ be folly to anticipate it ”

Calmed by this return of confidence, she felt new vigour, and little remained of that perturbation which had counterbalanced personal fatigue and indisposition, and kept her eye-lids unclosed. The murmur of her attendant's unceasing tongue proved soporific, and she sunk into a deep slumber, from which she awoke not till morning, and then felt her bodily strength recruited without any abatement of her mental firmness.

Her guard was still near her, and now appeared not deficient in tenderness, at least as far as words are indications.—The great inconvenience Ypsilanti had sustained for want of clothes, which her newly-adopted garb, by rendering the small baggage she travelled with useless, had increased almost beyond her patience, prompted her to ask, if she might not be allowed the comfort of a change of dress. She found her want had been anticipated ; clothes had been brought for her : they were coarse and sordid ; but they were clean, and as such infinitely welcome. In her they were designed for, they met no opposition from pride ; she was *born* to grandeur, and therefore never stickled for its rights.

The manner in which she was to live was soon evident :—a meal in the morning and another at night, was her allowance. The fare was not such as would have tempted an appetite made delicate by indulgence ; but youth and a  
 well

well-established constitution were not too squeamish to be satisfied ; and the inmate piety of Ypsilanti returned as sincere thanks to heaven for this ministration to her wants, as if it had consisted in the most exquisite delicacies.

new view of an hour's contemplation of that picture -  
other words, I had constantly before me the  
image and remembrance of that picture, and the  
idea of the manner of his attendance, and the  
longer and longer I spent in it, and the longer I  
kept looking at him, and the more I was  
amazed, and then I felt that I was  
created without any assistance of my  
friends.

[illegible]

## CHAP.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XII.

**N**OTHING Ypsilanti endured galled her mind half so much as the total inaction she was compelled to. The only variety three days had afforded her was a visit from the Count de Vringen, and another from his eldest son. Their endeavours to extort the secret she possessed were renewed, and she was severely catechised. Their exertions producing no effect, they left her to her solitude, on her weariness of which they seemed to found much of their hope.

Whenever the old woman left her, she was alone and locked in. Her absences were seldom long ; but when she returned, she sometimes brought trifling scraps of gossip that were estimable to one who had no other communication with the world. From her Ypsilanti learnt that her aunt, the Countess de Vringen, enjoyed little more liberty than herself, being confined to an apartment of the castle, and never suffered to stir abroad, or to see any but her attendants.

The proximity of their relation to each other, and the similitude of their fate, made Ypsilanti feel attached to her ; and all she learnt of her character tending to inspire sentiments of pity, love, and esteem, her heart expanded to receive ideas of her, and any trifle transpiring, respecting the Countess, was heard by her with all the avidity of affectionate curiosity.

Conceiving that all complaint either to her uncle or his eldest son of the *cunui* she suffered under would be fruitless, her spirit disdained to confess it bent under it ; but to her attendant it was impossible not to lament it ; and the eagerness with which she snatched even at a share in any little sordid occupation the ignorant old woman was engaged in, proved her uneasiness in inactivity.

From what quarter her redress came was a secret ; but in a few days a volume of poems in her native language was brought in with her breakfast. Count Maximilian instantly occurred to her as her humane benefactor ; but his neglect of her did not warrant the supposition, and her queries to her attendant produced a belief that she was mistaken, and that it was she who had borrowed the book for her.

Every minute that her sorrows or her piety did not occupy, or that was not devoted to recruiting her strength, she bestowed on this invaluable companion, yet fearful of exhausting its contents, lest it should be taken from her, and the irksome demon again haunt her. Allured by all the various charms of a book in solitude, she, however, could not resist its power, and turned over the last page with sensations none but those who are quitting the hand of a departing friend can know.

Procrastinating the separation, she began again to read it, and had made almost every line her own, when another, different in size and subject, was brought in the same way. Turning it over, a slip of paper dropped out, on which, in a female hand, were written a few words of encouragement against despair, and a wish to know what

what subjects and languages the unfortunate captive could be amused by, with a promise that, unless discovery prevented it, she should have a constant succession of volumes.—“ This goodness can only be my aunt’s,” said Ypsilanti, reverentially kissing the characters.—The old woman was silent ; and by her silence confirmed the supposition.

The Count de Vringen and his eldest son continued their visits, their importunities, and their threats ; but Maximilian never appeared, and Ypsilanti was again persuaded she had mistaken his character when she suspected him of pity. She had been a prisoner near three weeks, and could she have calmed her apprehensions for her father, Rhodolpha, and Dr. Buler, would have been tolerably familiarised to her situation ; when one day, the time of her uncle’s visit having elapsed without his coming, she expressed her surprise to her attendant, and was answered, that he and Count Herman were gone together to Hoenfeldern.

She knew not on whom the charge of guarding her now devolved ; but conjecturing that her younger cousin was become her jailor, and feeling no relaxation of her confinement, she was confirmed in her unfavourable opinion of him, and accepted it as a favour that he did not molest her by his visits.

But on the second day after her uncle’s departure, and about noon, came a respectful message from Count Maximilian, requesting permission to wait on her. She returned an humble expression of acquiescence, and he came, wearing in his countenance evidences of kindness and sympathy that were too novel to be intelligible to her.



Dismissing her attendant, he addressed her in cordial language, telling her, that by the temporary absence of his father and brother, he was become master of the castle, and that he should exercise his power only to the alleviation of her miseries.

Astonished into silence, and over-whelmed by a small extension of favour, she answered only in tears of gratitude, which he wiped from her eyes with demonstrations of tenderness that now left no room to question the humanity of his nature, and his just commiseration of her sufferings.

The heart that admits suspicion with reluctance, is soon cheered into confidence. Maximilian presently gained that of Ypsilanti, and calmed a part of her anxieties by assuring her Dr. Buler had survived his wounds, and was recovering from them. Conrad, he informed her, was fled to avoid the probable consequence of his violence.

She soon found Maximilian was not deep in his father's purposes. Much of Rhodolpha's story was unknown to him; but on a relation of the deplorable state she was deserted in, he undertook to write to Lord Stretthling, and intreat that inquiry might be made for her. Little did generous Ypsilanti suspect, and little difference would it have made in her conduct had she suspected, that had not base Rhodolpha aided Count Herman in his scheme to render Lord Firnes jealous, they had still remained in the good graces of that family.

Every syllable uttered by a tongue that spoke only accents of comfort and benevolence, was music to the grateful captive, and she saw Count Maximilian withdraw with regret. In the evening

ing he came again, and repeating his expression of regard, asked her if she would so far trust him as to follow him where he should conduct her. "I can never distrust you," said she, "after what you have said; beside, I can nowhere be more at your mercy than here." "Then come with me instantly," said he.

She obeyed unhesitatingly; and after descending staircase after staircase, and traversing vast apartments well lighted, she found herself in a handsomely furnished room, which a harpsichord, a pair of globes, books and implements of needle work, bespoke as a residence of female comfort.

"You are now," said her cousin, as he seated her, "in my mother's apartments. No one is privy to my conveying you hither but your own attendant. You will see the Countess presently. Her fate is hard, but I have no power, except that of mitigating her sufferings in the short intervals of my father's and brother's absence. To preserve this power I am forced to appear very different from what I am in reality; to approve their harshness, and coincide with their schemes when I cannot effectually thwart them. My mother is impatient to see you; and if you find any relief in her society, I will promise you, that while I am master here, you shall enjoy it."

Ypsilanti had scarcely recovered from the rapture this sudden transition to comparative happiness had thrown her into, when the Countess entered. Her figure was majestic, her countenance, though strongly lined with sorrow, was still beautiful, and every feature spoke the divine language of love and pity.

Ypsilanti

Ypsilanti would have knelt to her. She prevented her, and catching her in her arms, contemplated her features, then turning from her, and bursting into tears, she lost all power of utterance.

Joy at meeting, even under circumstances so melancholy, in a short time overcame the ebullitions of the Countess's emotion at retracing the likeness of her sister in her niece, and Ypsilanti's at finding tenderness in one she had been too long taught to suppose jarring interests and detected fraud had armed against her. The evening passed, as it were, in an instant. Maximilian had left them to private communication, and returned only to warn his cousin to withdraw for the night. Reluctantly she obeyed ; and as reluctantly did her fond aunt suffer her to depart ; but the Count promising that the whole of the following day, from a very early hour, they should spend together, they were gratified for his indulgence, and submitted to his reasonable request that they should part.

He kept his word the following morning, and by his punctuality repaid Ypsilanti for the pangs of tumultuous joy which had agitated her debilitated frame during a sleepless night. He breakfasted in the Countess's apartment with them, and then leaving them, they began a more coherent relation of their sufferings. The Countess de Vringen took up her narration only from her marriage, and described the progress of her husband's tyranny without acrimony, and confessing that, with the indulgences her youngest son had promised to procure for her, solitude and confinement were, to a spirit broken like her's, blessings.

Ypsilanti's



Ypsilanti's story began earlier, and notwithstanding the shortness of her life, had more events in it. When she named Casimir as the first and only possessor of her heart, the Countess involuntarily started, and made her answer abundance of unaccountable interrogatories. Some latent hope seemed to have kindled in her bosom ; but in the conclusion it was extinguished ; she melted into tears she did not offer to account for, and the cause of which her niece presumed not to ask.

The days now passed unmarked but by tranquil joys. Maximilian, the goodness of whose nature seemed to make him an equal participant of their delight, relaxed as far as possible the restraint he was to have kept his prisoners in. He even permitted them to take the air together in the park, and was soon satisfied that their generosity was a sufficient security to him.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. XIII.

**W**E have now brought the unfortunate Yp-  
silanti into a state of comparative comfort. The  
causes of her sorrows, it is true, still subsisted in  
their full force; no personal enjoyment could for  
a moment suspend her anxiety about those whose  
fate was in uncertainty, or her grief for those  
whom death had torn from her; but as whate-  
ver cheers the mind strengthens it, she found  
herself better able to bear up under her melanco-  
ly; and to have one to sympathize with her,  
was an alleviation of her misfortunes.

Let us now return to England, and see what  
fortune accompanied the deserted Rhodolpha.  
The cruel deceit she was punished by was, very  
soon after Count Herman's leaving her, too evi-  
dent to be doubted of. It called forth all her vi-  
olent passions, and by the storm it raised nearly  
ended her existence. She could get no farther  
than the inn where she first discovered her distress,  
and there, without change of cloaths, and with  
not a guinea about her, and in a country and  
with a people she was a stranger to, she was forc-  
ed to take up her abode. The young woman  
she had brought as her attendant, had compas-  
sion enough to pity and remain with her; but  
finding the young lady's rage amount to frenzy,  
she terrified and impressed with the idea that she  
was really mad, left her the next morning, soon  
after

after which the commotions of Rhodolpha's spirits produced the effect that might be expected, and the number of living wretches was augmented by the birth of Count Herman's son.

But as violent evils often prove their own remedy, this in a short time turned out rather an abatement than an aggravation of her distress. The unwelcome infant scarcely had looked at this world before it sickened of it, and withdrew to a more peaceful abode. The people of the inn commiserated distress so pungent, and were not wanting in their relief of it. Rhodolpha could accept favours with a peculiar *graceful nonchalance*; she told her story in terms that at once shewed she stood in need of help, and merited it under the character of suffering innocence: such was the power of her eloquence, that her new friends promised her an asylum with them till she recovered her strength and could shift for herself; and such was her reliance on their good nature, that they were compelled to hint, and that pretty broadly and frequently, that they thought her able to look forward to a more permanent situation.

The natural ingratitude of her disposition made her entirely overlook, in her resentment of this modest representation, all the previous kindness she had received; and her subsequent behaviour being very ill calculated to prolong a connection founded in compassion, mutual ill humour succeeded, and she was exposed to flights none but a *haughty* spirit could have borne; for let it be remembered, and let it be remarked, that there is in the human mind a conflicting principle that very nicely adjusts the average of its powers and propensities. Inconsistency is not in nature; excessive



cessive unqualified pride is as much a monster in morals as a giant in the human species; it cannot consist with the weakness of our mental frame. None are so mean as the proud, none so cowardly as the tyrannical, none so niggardly as the profuse. We have a living proof that the man most prone to vent his unjust rage by blows, is the man that most patiently took a horsewhipping from his own servant.

To return to Rhodolpha. The mistress of the inn, wearied beyond all patience with her indolence and ill temper, and yet unwilling to be cruel, was at last driven to the necessity of reminding her inmate that she had remained there six weeks, and requesting her in another week to resolve on the course she should pursue, and to put some scheme in practice either for seeking her friends or returning to St. Leonard's.

Resistance promising no advantages, and the alternative of being turned out of doors to starve, having nothing very tempting in it, Rhodolpha so far bowed her mulish spirit as to write to Lord Strethling a relation of her past grievances and present distress, in doing which she failed not, according to the malignity of her nature, to represent Ypsilanti as having seduced Count Herman from his engagement, and being accessory to the unpardonable cruel measures taken against herself.

Her kind friends waited with the utmost patience and temper a return to this application, and perhaps would have assisted her in procuring farther comfort, had not the violence of her vindictive passions again betrayed her. Lord Strethling's reply consisted in a short letter and a small bank note. He coldly commiserated her sufferings, expressed himself entirely at a loss to under-  
stand

stand the character of any one of their party, devoutly wished he had never met with any of them, and concluded by desiring her to consider what he then remitted to the relief of her distresses as the *finale* of all correspondence between them.

From her own elevated opinion of her powers of persuasion, and the contemptuous judgment she formed of the credulity of the Strethling family, Rhodolpha had inferred the utter impossibility of her failure, and giving the rein to her vanity and her fancy, she anticipated Lord and Lady Strethling's immediately setting out in person to fetch her to St. Leonard's. There she expected to meet with an increase of every indulgence; and her views, it must be confessed, to the credit of her faith, were entirely bounded by a return into that family.

Her mortification, therefore, was equal to her self-conceit, when she perceived that a slender sum of money, though a much greater condescension than she had any claim to, and a few lines that afforded not an atom of food for her pride, were the substitute for the more permanent good she looked for. No principle of gratitude, no remembrance of past favours, operated in the least to silence her clamorous exclamation. She was vehement in her invectives: the people, who had hitherto maintained her, not seeing the grievance in the light she did, were not as cordial in their sympathy as she would have had them; but perceiving now that she had reached the *ultimatum* of expectation, urged her most strenuously than ever to seek some future means of subsistence while it was yet in her power to provide for present necessities.

Suggestions

Suggestions like these not at all suiting her disposition, roused her passions. Words, as high as her deficient English furnished, ensued, by which she provoked the fate her interest should have taught her to procrastinate, and the matter was finally adjusted by her being turned from the door with every mark of merited indignation and contempt.

It was now no time for farther invective; the day was more than half spent, and she had no abode. She walked through the town, silently execrating all its inhabitants for the sake of the unpardonable treatment she conceived she had there met with; and when on the road being hailed by a London coach, the privation of all other views served as a stimulative, and she mounted into the rolling vehicle.



## C H A P. XIV.

**C**HANCE had catered in rather a superior style for her as to the rank of her fellow-travellers. Two of them were, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and his wife, who in returning from a distant part of the country, had been overturned in their own carriage far from a post town, and had taken advantage of this stage passing them to get a speedy if not a very elegant conveyance to London, leaving their damaged chaise to come after them. The other passenger was a female of genteel appearance, who being within a few miles of her destination when Rhodolpha joined them, soon left her to their entire observation.

The attractions of her face and person were more than sufficient to save her from being overlooked under any circumstances, or in the greatest croud; but here no other object presenting itself, she had her full share of regard; and the gloom on her countenance indicating a mind ill at ease, something like compassion for a female foreigner, blended itself with approving admiration, and Mr. and Mrs. Sorby soon felt interested for their casual acquaintance.

As they slept on the road, opportunities were not wanting of evincing their disposition towards her by civilities which prudent forecast tempted her to receive with more humility and acknowledgment

ledgment than were natural to her temper. Well convinced that if suffered to tell her tale, she could influence her hearers in her favour, she was not backward in answering what few questions the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Sorby permitted them to ask ; and at supper, when she saw every sentiment of their minds working in her interest, she, with an air of prepossessing candour no one could have withstood, offered to reveal the circumstances of her unhappy situation.

There is something peculiarly pleasing to almost all minds in the gratification of curiosity. There is a still more vivid pleasure in the extraordinary excitation of curiosity. As if human life did not sufficiently furnish changes and chances, we are most keen after uncommon and unexpected events. The marvellous is the delightful, and to relieve the distresses of others is sometimes merely the price we pay for the entertainment, and perhaps too, the *painful* entertainment derived from a recitation of their sorrows. Certainly were our feelings pure, calamity, produced by whatever means, ought equally to strike on the chord of our affection : but who will assert, that in an age of sentiment like this, equal attention can be hoped for by him who paints a picture of misery unvarying in its hues, and proceeding only be a regular slow gradation of dingy tints to the impenetrable darkness of ruin ; and him who represents the rising sun of life in all its early glories sometimes blackened by the thickest clouds, then again shining forth in all its refulgence, and at last, by the impelling hand of fate, condemned to set in everlasting night, before it has reached its meridian ? To this not natural but acquired refinement, may

may be traced the origin of all romance, and the avidity with which that of early times was received.

As taste improved, gross fictions were rejected, and the light modern novel effected more than the laboured romance of old. If it excited less wonder, it interested more by touching the heart in its most susceptible particles, and its influence was more generally felt because it represented scenes within the compass of every one's sensations. All can feel for the misery springing from steady adherence to, or the violation of, the social affections ; but the victory of heroic justice, or the disappointment of mad ambition, can affect only the few that possess minds in unison to those they read of.

In the times of chivalry, Rhodolpha, to obtain attention, would have personated a Princess exiled from her dominions, or at least a lady of illustrious birth deserted by a faithless knight. He to whom she made her sufferings known, must have espoused her quarrel, and restored her to her rights, or have taken the life of him who had proved faithless. Interest would then have ended, her champion would have sought farther adventures ; and if he possessed a truly great mind, would have remembered this service only by some token of the lady's favour, or some trophy gained from his adversary. But as in these our days mankind find it unpleasant to be always stalking in stilts, and our duties, if they are deficient in elevation, require a greater degree of continuity to discharge them, we are content with administering to the wants of our fellow creatures in a less ostentatious way, and perhaps shew more virtue in the steadiness of our protection  
of



of the unfortunate than in those ebullitions of ferocity which prompted our forefathers to revenge their injuries.

It was fortunate for the distressed lady that she had lighted on persons not of narrow education, but such as knew the world at large. She had first expressed herself in deficient English. It was immediately obvious to them that this was not the language of her country. Mr. Sorby, therefore, continued his conversation in French; his wife could join in it, and all the difficulty that impeded the new acquaintance was done away.

There is something peculiarly interesting in the character of a foreigner. The helplessness that attends it is a claim on honour and generosity; and the mind feels a kind of humane exultation whenever called on for its protection. There is beside a certain singularity about one born and educated in a distant country that helps to attract regard. Not only the language is different but the turn of countenance, the gesture, the posture, are all foreign, uncommon to us, and in general pleasing to an informed mind, and an ingenuous temper.

All these causes combining, and meeting in Mr. and Mrs. Sorby with dispositions removed as far as possible from all illiberal prejudice, concurred in procuring for her an easy and immediate admission into their affections; and, as all good minds can witness, they consulted their own gratification no less than her convenience when they professed themselves her protectors, and insisted on her making their house her home till her affairs wore a more pleasing aspect.

Nothing she had related could in the least bear a construction against her interests. She had represented

presented herself as the person she really was; had told the marvellous history of Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl without much exaggeration, had described the distresses she had endured by Count Herman's mistaking her for the object of his vengeance; but lest the cause of her long stay at the inn on the road should ever rise in judgment against her, had by a small but very *ornamental* interposition, represented Count Herman as smitten with her, herself as inexorable to the temptations of illicit love, and this unbending integrity as having met its due reward in compelling him to an offer of his hand. She stated that a hasty private marriage had united them; that he had then, like all such lovers, cooled, and abandoned her; that being recalled by the admonitions of a friend to a sense of his duty, he had in appearance atoned for his crime by undertaking a journey to her while at Lord Strethling's; that in consequence of the capricious conduct of Ypsilanti, then engaged to Lord Firnes, suspicions had arisen unfavourable to her, and that they had received without distinction an intimation little short of a request to depart. That they had instantly set out on their return to Germany, that by a variety of artifices the Count and her treacherous friend had separated themselves from her, and their cruelty concluded in leaving her on the road in a situation the most terrible a female can experience. She had been entirely beholden to the compassion of strangers for the preservation of her life.

## CHAP. XV.

**S**UCH a story told, as Rhodolpha Lusinguen could tell it, would have interested a stoic. It met no repelling stoicism in her hearers; and at the conclusion of her journey, she found herself a welcome inmate in a very respectable family, who supported a handsome style of life in one of the most distinguished parts of the metropolis, and who seemed perfectly willing to adopt her to the rank of a sister; and her powers promised them some return of pleasure for their humanity.

Here in a situation that dispensed immediate advantages, and looked forward to permanent good, let us for a while leave Mademoiselle Lusinguen under an engagement to pass the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Sorby in London, and return to the captive at Vringen.

Her uncle and Count Herman had been absent six weeks; and in that time her younger cousin had never slackened in his exertions for her gratification; when all her pleasures were overcast by the news of their expected return. The Countess felt the impending misfortune as sensibly as her niece; but, still better schooled by adversity, she bore it like one who confessed herself the slave of disappointment. Every moment was now more precious; every act of kindness Maximilian added to his former benevolence was doubly



doubly dear. All his exertions were repaid by Ypsilanti with the sincerest gratitude; and his conduct had gained him her highest esteem. Warmer sentiments than these no one could inspire her with, while the memory of her still-deplored Casimir subsisted as a barrier against love. Whatever passed in Maximilian's heart, or really prompted his humane attentions, he wore no appearance but that of a disinterested friend, and seemed to consider all he did or could do as no more than the proximity of blood claimed.

His sympathy in her sorrow on the approaching return of her sufferings, was such as argued genuine pity, and operated on his mind so as to produce evident melancholy. The Counts were daily expected, and Ypsilanti's indulgences were of necessity much retrenched, when a respite of one week was afforded them by a letter, signifying that they should so long delay their return. Maximilian, in a frenzy of joy, flew to his captive to communicate the tidings. In their rapture the shortness of the period was forgotten; and she resumed her accustomed qualified liberty, and her visits to the Countess with sensations not at all prophetic.

Something seemed working in the mind of Count Maximilian; and a few hours after this restoration of peace proved what it was. While sitting with his mother and cousin after dinner, he confessed himself not at all satisfied with the part allotted him to act. He said with a degree of most respectable conscientiousness, that his father, in delegating to him his power, had but made him an accomplice in iniquity; that his own feelings, as well as judgment, condemned the

the fidelity he had hitherto prided himself in, and that he saw but one means of atoning for what he had done, and preventing the accumulation of error, which means with the concurrence of those he was conversing with, he proposed instantly to put in practice.

This, when it came to be divulged, was no other than an offer of emancipation to both captives; but circumstanced as one of them was, the including both gave his generosity the hue of absurdity. The Countess was too much in her husband's power to possess a subsistence independant of him. To reject the protection of his roof, even though a prisoner, was to renounce all possibility of continuing her existence, and she had by habit so conformed her wishes to the boundary of their gratifications, that she would have considered a restoration to the world and its concerns rather as troublesome than agreeable. Misfortunes in the early part of life stamp a character on a susceptible mind, and it was in her a character that nothing could erase. In the privacy she enjoyed, she found an indulgence well suited to her melancholy, and such as made her without the least unpleasant sensation submit to the necessity of refusing Maximilian's offer; but in her own refusal she was so far from including her unfortunate niece, whom buoyant youth still might teach to hope, that she conjured her to take advantage of the opportunity Providence held out to her, if by any means she could suit her circumstances to it.

Ypsilanti's heart, prone to cleave to whatever shewed sympathy, had at the outset of their acquaintance become irresistibly attached to the Countess; and every hour having improved her  
sensations

sensations of esteem and gratitude, she now felt reluctant to quit her, and would with satisfaction have borne the dreariness of her closer confinement for the chance of the enjoyment the casual absence of her enemies might again afford her; but this was a pleasure in itself most precarious; it was represented as such by her whom true disinterestedness made argue against her own inclinations; and when Count Maximilian added to his offer a promise to conduct Ypsilanti in safety to Dr. Buler and from his house to find some method of restoring her to her father, the temptation was not to be withstood, and she gratefully accepted his goodness.

The consciousness that he was discharging, in the noblest way possible, a duty that many would have thought themselves excused from, seemed what operated most to raise the courage of Count Maximilian, who now throwing off all appearance of obedience to his father, sought no concealment in his purpose. Having spent one day in procuring for his cousin whatever could contribute to her ease and convenience in the journey, he summoned her to be ready to quit the castle at noon on the following day. Perhaps poor Ypsilanti hesitated when at the brink of emancipation, perhaps her affections divided, but not quite equally, cost her some pangs when quitting her whom Nature seemed to have designed for her mother's substitute. Be that as it may, filial love preponderated, and allured alone by the hope of again seeing her father, and anticipating the joy she should feel at throwing herself into his bosom, and soothing his cares by her assiduity, she left the castle with mixt agonies of regret and expectation.



## C H A P. XVI.

**T**HE behaviour and conversation of the young Count during the journey, which lasted till late in the evening, were not only such as checked all suspicion, but gave the highest confidence in his integrity. Nothing could appear more disinterested than his views, nothing more noble than his prosecution of them.

To all suggestions of the danger he incurred from his father's displeasure, he was deaf; to do right he professed was his aim, and the opportunity of doing it he exulted in as a blessing he had rarely enjoyed.

The transport of Dr. Buler at receiving again under his roof one he had loved and bemoaned as his lost daughter, could be exceeded by nothing but her joy at finding him perfectly recovered from the shocking effects of his friendly intrepidity. Mrs. Buler joined heartily in the general joy, and in the commendations, which none could withhold, of Count Maximilian's spirited virtue. Soon after their arrival, she conducted her young charge, whom travelling and perturbation of mind had greatly fatigued, to her repose, and left her husband in conversation with the agreeable versatile insinuating Count, he having yielded to their request that he would be their guest for that night.

Ypsilanti, relieved from part of her distress, by seeing Dr. Buler, and warmed into placid cheerfulness by the kindness that environed her, slept in all the comfort of peace and security, first recommending to celestial protection the dear objects of her thoughts, and then endeavouring to make her religious faith vanquish her natural fears.

With refreshed limbs and added hope, she met her deliverer and her friends in the morning. After breakfast, Dr. Buler, whose countenance wore the gravity of deep thought, which only yielded to his parent-like joy, took her with him to his study, and there introducing something, whose mysterious aspect made her tremble, by supererogatory assurances of his regard and attachment, he began without dissimulation to plead in behalf of Count Maximilian, who had taken the earliest opportunity of acquainting him that love, unrestrainable love, was the impulse he had acted under, and that the reward he proposed to himself was her hand in marriage.

The name of *lover*, even that of *friend*, ever called up to her remembrance and her imagination's sight, him whom alone her heart admitted in that character, and formed an impenetrable bulwark against foreign attacks. She was surprised, she was grieved at what any self-diffidence short of her's, any conjunction of circumstances and affections less than that which harassed and adorned her, would have taught her to expect and to welcome as fortunate. Entertaining no resentment against her cousin for his duplicity, still revering his liberality, and only angry with herself that she could not comply with his wishes, she

she begged Dr. Buler to espouse her interests as warmly as he had the Count's, and in the way least likely to make her appear ungrateful, to intreat him, for his own sake, to relinquish hopes that must ultimately be disappointed.

But, unfortunately for her quiet, Maximilian had in the Doctor not only a faithful but an approving advocate. Ypsilanti's welfare was what he alone consulted; but that kind concern prompted him to oppose her; and seeing no other possible means of extracting her from her dangers and her troubles, he would not suffer her so unadvisedly to dismiss the galling subject from her consideration.

There was no worldly advantage he could have proposed that could for an instant have made such a heart as her's tremble in the balance. He knew this too well to urge arguments he was ready furnished with, such as that a comfortable independence the Count possessed would make his father's acquiescence or indignation less momentous than it appeared, or that by thus preferring certain good to imaginary considerations, she raised herself again to the rank Nature had designed for her, though fortune had for a time degraded her from it.

Arguments more likely to prevail with her were, that she procured a powerful ally for her father, and that such an union as that now solicited was the only road to family reconciliation; but even these her mind was too tender to bear enforced; and Dr. Buler, in pity to her feelings, for this time left her.

During the remainder of the day the topic was not even hinted at. Mrs. Buler appeared ignorant that any thing that bore relation to it had

ever



ever been started. Ypsilanti, therefore, while with her, enjoyed the pleasures of friendly conversation undisturbed; and as the hours passed, and her palpitating bosom subsided into calmness, she began to hope Dr. Buler had done more than he had promised, and had procured from Maximilian a renunciation of his wishes.

But in the evening she was too indubitably by design left alone with her cousin, to soothe herself any longer with the idea of Dr. Buler's prohibition, or his wife's non-concurrence; and she soon found the Count not at all disposed to neglect availing himself of the opportunity. He was a man in whom Nature seemed to delight to shew how she could unite all the opposing qualities that form a wonderful character. He wanted for no external recommendation that could prepossess, and every corner of his heart that could be scrutinized, abundantly answered to the sample he carried in his countenance and expression. Far beyond all competition in intellectual powers, he was, by general observation, regarded as a prodigy, and courted as a being of a superior class. Carested, flattered, and popular, he scarcely knew himself or his propensities; he soothed all, he won on all, and 'bore his faculties so meekly,' that the admiration he obtained appeared ever more pleasing to the admirer than himself. It was perhaps to no one but his mother known that he possessed a depth of mind the world could not fathom, that in every action *self* was his deity, and that to indulge that tyrant he thought no sacrifice of honor or integrity to be regarded; that with all his seeming humility he was, as far as his powers extended, a despotic tyrant, and that when he professed most he generally meant the least.

F

Yet

Yet not even she who had watched his brother's more open iniquity and his more odious fraud from the cradle, was proof against his imposition. A slave to his licentious passions, always seeking novelty in his amours, and most keen where his success brought down most ruin, he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl on the first report he had heard of her beauty and merit, and had waited with eager expectation the irresistible captivity that awaited her, in hopes of gratifying his passion. His elder brother, too ferocious to be the humble suppliant of a female, was satisfied with knowing that ruin awaited her on her arrival, and had left her as a prey to his brother. The Count de Vringen himself was not privy to his younger son's inclinations when he quitted the castle to visit Hoensdern; but confiding in those promises of integrity that Maximilian had not spared, felt no doubt of him. Before the latter had set off with Ypsilanti for Dr. Buler's, he had written a letter, explaining his mysterious and dubious conduct, and convincing his father, that in the indulgence of his own seeming inclinations, he consulted the family scheme alone.

## CHAP. XVII.

**I**T may be asked how it was consistent either with Count Maximilian's temper or interests that he should make his cousin so serious an offer as that of his hand, when there was a much shorter method in his power that would have answered the same ends. To this it may be replied, that no means less than this serious offer would have fulfilled all his wishes. Inflamed to the highest degree with love, (if a passion such as his may be so named) for Ypsilanti, all-attractive Ypsilanti! there still burnt in his bosom another fire that could neither be extinguished nor diminished, that of irreconcilable hatred to the Baron de Bergzeyl and his daughter. Had immediate indulgence been offered to the less ferocious passion, he would perhaps have been contented with a more ordinary mode of procedure, but having time for deliberation, after report had whetted his curiosity, and before the arrival of her who was to end it, he revolved in his mind the perfection of a scheme of ruin, from which he hoped, without making the smallest sacrifice, to reap every advantage, and to find the object of his malice entirely unable to disentangle herself.

In his amours he had always a *dernier resort* easy in execution, and infallible in operation. When all other means of prevailing failed, he



offered private marriage; and as those who listened to it as an inducement were of rank inferior to his own, he had hitherto succeeded in awing them into silence.

Three wives could already claim his conjugal vows; to take a fourth was therefore no great addition to his burthen, nor any new distress to his conscience. Aware that beauty and merit, such as Ypsilanti's, might even under every advantage, attach some one to Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, and raise her up a champion in a husband, he exulted in this method of cutting her off from every helping hand; and when he learnt in their more intimate acquaintance, that her heart was devoted to the ill-fated non-existing Casimir, with a degree of ardour nothing could abate, he saw that by a little procrastination he might lacerate every fibre of her heart to the full extent of his malice.

It was his design when married to her, immediately to set out with her for Vringen, soothing her with the idea that she was on the road to her father. Here was the pleasure of disappointment to encourage his exertions. He then resolved to immure her still closer than his father had intended, and keeping her in durance, like a bird for the sport of a cruel school-boy, to tantalize and mortify alternately as long as her existence lasted.

The snare was too subtle to be obvious even to keen inspection. Little chance, therefore, was there that she, who had a mind too pure to imagine guilt, and too great to harbour suspicion, should fathom the deceit; and whatever aid her sagacity might have derived from Dr. Buler's more mature experience, was subtracted by his  
enthusiastic

enthusiastic ardor in the business. He saw in this match every thing that could tend to re-establish domestic peace. Count Maximilian had persuaded him that a perfect reconciliation between the families was not only his wish but his prospect. At all events, it was evident that Ypsilanti's situation must be much benefited by the marriage, and Maximilian possessed too completely the power of subduing the affections, to leave Dr. Buler without personal interest in his success.

When alone with Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, he omitted nothing that could prevail on her, feigning the highest respect for the memory of the beloved youth she deplored, and conjuring her by her attachment to him to give one who owned himself his inferior in all but love for her, a title to mourn her hard fate as the partner of her heart. But whatever progress the insidious Count made in her esteem, admission to Casimir's place in her heart was unattainable, and he, as his advocate had been, was compelled to withdraw his weapons.

The advantage she refused was so specious, and her kind friends were so truly interested in her sorrows, that they joined her lover most vehemently in solicitation. He who intended to perform so little, had nothing to restrain him in the liberality of promises, and so lavish was he, that he left her nothing to ask.—Aware what was the susceptible point of her heart, he made her father the principal object of his care, planned a scheme of tranquil and secure retirement which he should be invited to share, and vowed to leave nothing undone that the most exalted

filial piety, stimulated by love and gratitude, could effect.

Again the harrassed Ypsilanti had to struggle with conflicting passions. Love, exceeding the temperature of friendship, early disappointment had exiled from her heart. Maximilian's attractions were all lost on her; but she felt the most lively gratitude for his heroic benevolence; and, urged on all sides from without, and by conscience within, she commanded her own judgement and prejudices to be silent, and, trusting to the guidance of others, in a few days ceased to oppose.

Nothing had yet been able to wrest from her firm bosom the secret of her father's retreat. She had withheld it from Rhodolpha Lusinguen and from the Countess de Vringen, the two persons most likely to have seduced it from her. Lord Firnes, to whom she owed the possession, had solemnly sworn, and made his friend Griffin swear, never to reveal it; Count Herman could not extort it from her, and Dr. Buler was a man of too much honour to try. But now, when she was on the point of uniting herself to a man whose ardent interest in her father's cause it would have been inexcusable to doubt, she hesitated whether she should not give him this one proof of her confidence in his integrity, and her gratitude for his spontaneous kindness. Still she felt something restrain her, and she determined to postpone it till she had no right to refuse obedience.

Two days were all the respite she could obtain from Maximilian's impatience, after her acquiescence had decreed her fate, and these were wrung from him with the utmost difficulty.

Her



Her hours were loaded with melancholy, that increased at every step Time made ; yet a dread of what might follow, and a strong aversion to dispose of her hand, made even these ponderous hours seem to fly, and few of them remained to arrive when an unlooked-for accident converted her overpowering sorrow into more agonising torture.

## CHAP. XVIII.

**I**T was in the evening of the day preceding that decreed for her doom when the quiet of the family was disturbed by the arrival of a traveller on foot, who desired an introduction to Dr. Buler. The roughness of his manners, and the peremptoriness with which he demanded admission, joined to questionable particulars in his appearance, caused some little hesitation in the servant who had opened the gate ; to remove which the stranger sent in to Dr. Buler a letter, which was delivered to him while in the circle of his fireside.

Hastily opening it, under the uninviting idea that he was called out perhaps to a great distance, and in no favourable weather, to visit a patient, he glanced his eye over the contents, and passing to the signature, paused, changed colour, started from his seat, went towards the door, returned, looked again at the letter, and discovered all the symptoms of great surprise and violent perturbation of spirits.

Mrs. Buler broke the silence by the usual question, What is the matter?—Her husband made no reply ; but, darting out of the room, left them for more than an hour to indulge in curiosity bordering on fear.

At the expiration of this period the Count was desired to attend Dr. Buler in his study. He went ; but by his stay only increased the ladies' apprehensions.

apprehensions. At last, as it is generally the case when cause for wonder continues uninterruptedly for some time, their's died away of itself, and concluding that there was no cause for alarm, they turned their thoughts to a subject ever uppermost in Ypsilanti's mind, the ease and comfort she hoped to purchase for her father.

Dr. Buler and the Count returned together. The countenances of both were perturbed; but that of the latter most unpleasantly so. Dr. Buler's seating himself close to Ypsilanti, and assuming the attitude of speaking, declared that what had passed between them respected her, while his silence and the awkward hesitation with which he at last interrupted it, were warnings to her to prepare for hearing something eminently distressing.

The Count had thrown himself in a fullen posture on a chair at a distance, leaning with his arm on the back of it, covering his eyes with his hand and now and then striking his forehead with the emotion of a man who blames his own folly for some unforeseen misfortune.

Dr. Buler, miserably in want of a spokesman, drew from his pocket the letter that had been recently brought him, and looked at it as if he expected superior powers of elocution from the paper. At last, in despair at his own want of ability, and repeatedly urged by Ypsilanti to speak if he had aught to say to her, the tear trembled in his eye, his hand shook, and his attempt ended only in giving her the letter.

She rose to go nearer a candle, opened the paper, and, looking to the writer's conclusion, saw the signature was *Casimir Lusingen*. Curiosity gave way to astonishment, and but for Dr. Buler's ready help she must have sunk lifeless to the ground.

Her



Her senses were so fast locked in temporary death, that common methods failed to restore them, and it was more than an hour before she had her perfect recollection or her speech, during which time Maximilian awoke not from his reverie, nor shewed the least interest in the event—a circumstance surprising only to those who were ignorant that her ruin was his ultimate aim.

The letter that had so affected her was in substance this :

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ After having in vain written to my father and to the French government to give an account of my fate, I am compelled by necessity to address myself to you as the only remaining means of conveying intelligence of me to my dear Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, with whom, for want of recollecting the title of the family we embarked with at Ostend, I am denied all intercourse. Perhaps you may have heard from her, and can instruct me where to find her.

‘ I presume it unnecessary to relate to you the accident that befel me in endeavouring to save the unfortunate Madame Guemeré : I have no remembrance of the manner in which I was saved, being very nearly exhausted with swimming when taken out of the water ; but on the return of my senses I found myself on shipboard, and soon learnt that I was indebted for my preservation to some English sailors belonging to the vessel I was then in, and which was bound for the port of Loudon.

‘ Having

‘ Having stripped off my coat before I jumped into the water, my dress carried no distinction with it. The benevolent seamen, when I recovered, dressed me in some of their clothes, and for my convenience consented, at my request, to an exchange. My watch and what little money I had about me had been preserved, and were restored to me ; nor could I prevail on those who had rescued me from death to accept either as a recompence.

‘ Arriving at that junction of the sea and the river Thames which the English call the Nore, I learnt that I might there land, and at a neighbouring town purchase a few necessaries. One of the sailors, who spoke French, offered to accompany me, and we went together to Gravesend. We were returning to the vessel when we were met by a large party of men armed with cutlasses, bludgeons, &c. who stopped and collared us, and seemed bent on dragging us away. My companion, knowing the inefficacy of resistance, advised me to yield patiently, and I submitted, expecting to be presently released when the men found I was a stranger and a foreigner ; but nothing I could urge had any effect on their brutality : they mocked my language and gestures, and hurried me away to a small vessel which lay in sight, in the hold of which I saw many miserable wretches seemingly in my own situation. It was some comfort to me, though I grieved to think his kindness to me had betrayed him into this danger, to see my friend the sailor brought in after me. We were casually placed near each other, and but for the spirit and warm-hearted goodness of this honest fellow I must have sunk under my sufferings.

‘ After

‘ After continuing near a fortnight in a dungeon, which every circumstance the mind revolts at contributed to render loathsome, we were removed on board a King’s ship, under sailing orders for the West-India islands ; and after a very quick passage reached Port Royal in Jamaica.

‘ During our voyage we impressed men had been treated with considerable severity, and compelled to work as sailors. As I had strength and activity, I never shrunk from duty ; and the performance of it and the consolation of my kind friend were my only relief from the bitter reflections and tormenting anxieties that overwhelmed me. I had informed him of some of the circumstances of my situation, and consulted with him on the means of conveying intelligence of me to my connections. The chance of the conveyance of letters was all I had to trust to ; but this I resolved to try as soon as we landed.

‘ When in harbour, many inhabitants of the island came on board, some for news, some out of friendship to our captain.—I was busied in the lower parts of the ship when my faithful companion came to me, and summoned me to the deck, telling me that, amongst the captain’s visitors, he had found out a countryman of mine ; that he had related to him some particulars of my distress, and had made him curious to see me.

‘ I went upon deck. The gentleman I was introduced to was entirely unknown to me, but nevertheless seemed touched with compassion for me. He was about forty years of age, of a grave aspect, and pleasant countenance. He inquired of me my name, the place of my birth, my rank, &c., and listened with great patience  
and



and unquestionable interest to a narrative of my misfortune.

‘ He proved to be no countryman of mine, but an Englishman descended from a German family whose name I never recollected to have heard. He, however, claimed some sort of connection with me, even by this slight bond, and professed himself disposed to patronise me, if I appeared deserving his regard. I told him I had no means of recommending myself, or of proving I was the person I professed to be ; and that though I could answer for my own heart that it would never be deficient in gratitude, I had it not in my power to promise him any return for whatever kindness he should shew me : that a reference to the French army list would convince him that Casimir Lusingen was a member of it ; but that till I could get returns from my friends it was impossible I could prove my identity.

‘ After this conversation, Mr. Katzmeyer, for that was the name of my newest friend, dismissed me to my business, from which I was presently again called to attend the captain in his cabin. Mr. Katzmeyer was with him. The captain briefly told me I was indebted to that gentleman for my liberation, he having engaged to indemnify him with the Admiralty, and that therefore I was at liberty to depart when and whither I would.

‘ And whither am I to depart ? I replied, addressing myself to the captain. Friendless, moneyless, and in a foreign country, how am I to subsist ?—Then turning to Mr. Katzmeyer, I thanked him sincerely for his well-intentioned interference, but entreated him to withdraw it, as the ship I was then in was my only support, and the

the duties required of me were friendly to my mind, by suppressing for a time the most painful remembrances.

“ Young man,” replied Mr. Katzmeyer, “ I should have done you an injury instead of a benefit, had I not provided you a retreat before I procured your dismissal from your ship. I want no other proof than I have of the reality of your distresses. From this moment you may command whatever I possess : my home, my heart are open to you, and I shall be offended if you deny me the pleasure of being assisting to you while you wait returns from your friends.

‘ To such uncommon philanthropy I could reply only by the fulness of my heart. Mr. Katzmeyer was not to be repaid by thanks, it was the feelings of his own bosom that rewarded him. He hastened me to quit the vessel, gave his purse to my quondam friend the sailor, who was very well satisfied with his birth and good fortune, and who, in the honest integrity of his heart, seemed to share the blessing he had procured for me. We parted with mutual expressions of kindness, and I accompanied Mr. Katzmeyer to his house, where he introduced me to his daughter, a lovely creature of eighteen, who, having lost her mother, was mistress of her father’s house and affections.

‘ Mr. Katzmeyer is one of the most eminent planters of the island, and a man high in the esteem of all the people for his upright conduct and universal humanity. Had I been his son I could not have experienced greater tenderness from him, nor more attention from his daughter. Their noble natures seemed to delight in shewing me they relied confidently on my honour ;

nour ; and I, by immediately writing to France and to my father, and submitting my letters to Mr. Katzmeyer's inspection, endeavoured to convince him his philanthropy would never be arraigned by his prudence.

‘ I was soon weary of inactivity. My generous host had supplied all my immediate wants, and provided me whatever was necessary to my decent appearance ; and I wished to return the obligation by making myself useful ; but his was a walk of life I had no knowledge of or in. I however tried by observation and inquiry to gain an insight into planter's concerns, and in a few weeks knew enough to grow interested in the business. Mr. Katzmeyer approved my aversion to idleness, and met my wishes by delegating to me a small power. I succeeded in it to his satisfaction ; he entrusted me farther, and was still better pleased. A fortuitous conjunction of circumstances enabled me to point out a part of his estate which, under the idea of an unkind soil, had been suffered to lie waste. I hit on an expedient to remedy it : it accidentally proved a discovery of value : he would have shared it between us, but I declined the additional favour, chusing rather to remain his guest, and that he should reap the benefit of his own benevolence.

‘ With this uncommonly amiable man and his accomplished daughter have I lived hitherto, waiting with ardent expectation the arrival of letters from Europe ; but none have reached me ; and happy as I might be here, had fate here thrown my native lot, I am in the agonies of despair. Mr. Katzmeyer and the young lady, I am convinced, entertain not the smallest suspicion of my honour ; but my feelings are hurt, and  
I have



I have intreated my worthy friend to add one more kindness to the many he has already heaped on me ; that of suffering me to depart in quest of my friends, my profession, or some means of maintaining myself without burthening him. He has consented, on condition that I first try the success of another expedient. He proposes sending, at his own expence, a messenger into Germany to inform any one I will name of my escape and present situation, lest, as he benevolently observes, I may, on my return, find myself unexpected, and my place in the creation filled up. As this is the only mode in which I can clear myself to him, I have consented, and have chosen you, my good sir, as the person from whom I may expect a certificate of my identity. Should I not hear from you in a reasonable time from the date of this, I shall certainly set out, and, unless the elements detain me, be with you as soon as possible. I shall only wait the return of the vessel that is to re-convey my messenger.

‘ You will believe that every misfortune I have suffered has been doubled, and every moment’s suspense been converted into that of an age, by my fears respecting Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl. My apprehensions led me to dread lest she should not have survived the loss of her beloved Madame Guemeré ! and may I not without vanity add, the shock of seeing me, as she supposed, perish ?—O heavens ! what is become of her ? My only hope is that the family, who were such volunteers in benevolence, did not desert her when they saw every other comfort abandon her.—If you can tell me aught of her, let that first meet my eyes in your reply to this : to know she is safe will repay me for all I have

have endured. And should she, under the idea of my death, have been prevailed on to bless some less ill-fated being, I will submit with patience : such an insuperable bar to my happiness shall correct, but it never can diminish, my attachment.

‘ I feel myself inexcusable in allowing a precedence to passion : duty demands my first attention for my honoured father, and I listen first to the claims of love—A father who has been a lover, will, I am sure, pardon it : such a father as mine will approve it. Let it be your care, my dear Sir, if possible, to let him know he has still a son, the remains of whose life shall be devoted to atoning for the sorrow he has brought on him by his misfortunes. I feel the utmost gratitude for the goodness I have experienced from you and Mrs. Buler in our casual and brief connection, and shall with joy acknowledge myself

Your most obliged, and

Obedient humble Servant,

CASIMIR LUSINGUEN.’

CHAP.

## C H A P. XIX.

**I**T was not till the next morning that Ypsilanti's spirits would bear a second sight of this interesting detail. Rest and quiet were necessary to her recovering the shock she had received. She was put to bed: Mrs. Buler watched her with the assiduity of a fond parent, and the doctor employed the interval in making inquiries of the messenger.

The man was an honest seaman, whom Mr. Katzmeyer's generous offer to any one who would undertake the business had tempted. He gave the most satisfactory answers, and added to the delight of Ypsilanti's *friends*, by observing that as he had been detained several weeks on the road by extreme illness, Captain Lusinguen might be shortly expected: Dr. Buler having obtained from him what intelligence he could communicate, promised him every comfort of hospitality during his stay with them, dismissed him to his well-earned repose, and next turned his attention to the embarrassing situation of Count Maximilian Vringen, whom every external appearance pointed out as an object of compassion.

No one could have the interest of another more at heart than Dr. Buler had that of Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl; but however dear her worldly prosperity and temporal welfare were to him, there was something he held still more sacred.

He



He had too much integrity to disregard the ideal bond of union between her and Casimir; and he had too much of the milk of human kindness in his nature to wish it dissolved, even for her obvious benefit. He saw evils not to be subverted impending over her head if she preferred powerless and almost destitute Casimir to the rich, all-efficient Maximilian: there was reason to dread his resentment, and that his passion would prove too strong to submit to any consideration; but all this, and ten times more, could it have borne the increase, he would have advised her, even had she been his only child, to brave heroically rather than depart from her given promise, or reward so ill the sufferings and virtues of Casimir as by disappointing him.

It was not easy to bring the impassioned, enraged Count to any thing like reason. All his fury was placed to the account of love, when malice should have shared the burden. Every feeling of his bosom was thwarted, and he saw himself on the point of losing what he had reserved as the gratification of all his wishes. He aloud cursed his ill fortune: he silently execrated his *sineffing*; and he began to cool only when he had vowed to himself that he would not be defeated. Affecting to listen properly to Dr. Buler's arguments, he at last owned himself wrong, seemed convinced he could have no claim to Ypsilanti, and wished his adviser a good night with a degree of *sang froid* none but himself could have commanded.

The night had been a night of tumultuous agitation to Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl; but the transports of her bosom giving way to the fatigue they themselves occasioned, she towards morning

morning dropped into a doze, which, short as it was, a little refreshed her. Mrs. Buler had not quitted her till she saw her asleep, and supposing her nap would be of no long duration, presently returned to her. Nothing could restrain the newly-adopted child of happiness from talking of the object of her dawning hopes ; and Mrs. Buler was hardly equal to the task of composing her spirits.

Her first request when she met Dr. Buler was to be permitted to read Captain Lusingen's letter ; but she was not in a temper steady enough to be allowed the indulgence without caution. Her kind friend withheld it till he had prefaced it by whatever he thought could strengthen her mind ; and finding that her reason easily resumed its post when exhorted to return, he saw all danger over and gratified her.

She had read it over about fifty times when Count Maximilian, who could not just then boast a place in her recollection, joined them ; and it was impossible she could bestow even the common salutations of the morning on him till she had gone through it again. Unable to make any allowance on such an occasion, his pride was offended at her neglect. He could not pardon it—he could not but secretly curse the preferred Casimir, though she, instantly as she had re-perused the letter, came up to him, and, in all the loveliness of joy and gratitude, acknowledged, in the most elegant and cordial terms, that to his goodness alone she owed the capacity of profiting by the unexpected blessing Heaven now offered her.

“ You forget, then,” replied he, with a smile that no one could have traced from malice, “ that you are engaged to me.”

She

She had really in the intoxication of her rapture forgotten it. She started—her hands dropped—she cast her eyes to the ground, and stood before him as a condemned criminal. A moment's thought seemed to remove this obstacle to her felicity. She again looked up—her cheeks, from which their natural glow had vanished like lightning, now as suddenly resumed their hue : she struck her hands with energy together, and fixing her attention on her cousin, with a countenance that was at once all confidence and supplication, "Generous Count Maximilian," said she, "I am sure, would never, after what he has done for me, hold me to a promise which could be only conditional."

"You do me but justice," said he, rising and taking her hand: "I withdraw my pretensions with joy, though I cannot boast philosophy enough to say I am not disappointed. I am incapable of deceit ; and perhaps on that account shall appear less favourable in your eyes. A short time will, with the endeavour I shall use, reconcile me to my fate ; and be assured, my sweet cousin, I shall be as earnest in promoting the future happiness of your life as if our destiny had decreed you should pass it with me. Much, I flatter myself, is in my power ; and if you will accept my services and be candid enough to infer my honourable intentions from the part you have hitherto seen me act, I shall be abundantly recompensed for my mortification."

This was more than even sanguine Ypsilanti could have expected ; and she repaid such uncommon goodness with emotions that ought to have won the Count to virtue. He received the plaudits



plaudits and acknowledgments of all : his modesty seemed oppressed ; and he begged the conversation might be diverted to the arrangement of Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl's affairs.

On discussing probabilities, and on a re-examination of the messenger, it was judged that Captain Lusinguen could not arrive in less than three weeks ; and Count Maximilian perfected her joys by proposing that she should in the interim visit her father. She at first unhesitatingly accepted the proposal ; but recollecting an insuperable obstacle, she began to re-consider it. Her cousin had offered himself as her protector in the journey : his penetration instantly discovered that it was the fear of betraying the Baron's retreat that operated against her wishes. He made even this easy :—" I will accompany you," said he, " only as far as you chuse, and then, if I can leave you safe, will quit you." This freed the obligation entirely from objection : she could go with him to Leghorn, and hoped that from thence she could inform Colonel Lusinguen of her arrival in Italy, and prevail on him to fetch her.

It was therefore agreed that she should lose no time in setting out for her father's retreat, and as the scheme far most convenient to her, it was settled that Captain Lusinguen should come forward to her. To instruct him where he should find her, she left a sealed letter for him with Dr. Buler, in whose honour she well knew she might safely confide ; and with a promise to visit him and his excellent wife again as soon as possible after Casimir's arrival, she set out with Count Maximilian the following day for Leghorn.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XX.

**I**T was very much in the Count's power to beguile the tediousness of the journey, and he omitted no effort that could produce the effect. Every thing he said tended to increase his cousin's esteem for, and her confidence in him; and he seemed to have no wish but that of permanently establishing her happiness.

Dr. Buler lived near Mergentheim in Franconia. The rout of the travellers, therefore, lay through Augsburg, the Tirol, and Milan; and Maximilian promised his companion, beside the pleasure she expected at the end of her journey, great gratification in the course of it; but her eagerness to rejoin her father was such as made her prefer expedition to all amusement, and in this the Count seemed equally willing to indulge her.

They intended to have slept the first night at Burgaw; but it being very late when they arrived, every inn was full, and they agreed to defer repose and get on to Augsburg, which they reached in the forenoon of the next day. Here Count Maximilian, still wearing the mask of friendship, began his machinations, and prepared one of the most infernal plots that innocence and credulity were ever overwhelmed by.

He possessed talents of a superior kind, and had a degree of curiosity and emulation that  
made

made him uneasy under ignorance : whatever came in his way was for a time the object of his study and research, so that at an age when more trifling minds are skilled only in juvenile studies, he was regarded as a man of considerable information, and competent to speak on almost any subject. The naturally perverse turn of his temper had recommended to his attention some arts that are noxious or innocent only as they are used. Chymistry is one of these, and this he possessed in a degree of Italian excellence. It was now that he perceived the value of this attainment, and he resolved to make use of it by compounding a poison which should suffer the person it was given to to live only just as long as was his pleasure.

His design was to infuse it into Ypsilanti's wine, to tell her when it was too late what impended over her, to compel her to continue her journey, and to submit to whatever his complicated malice required, and, if all succeeded as he wished, she was to expire in a few hours after she reached her father's.

He left her at the inn in Augsburg, and went himself to an apothecary's to purchase the necessary ingredients, forming a story so specious, and so dazzling the eyes of the vender with scientific conversation on chymical experiments and processes, that he entertained no suspicion. He then returned to the inn, and finding Ypsilanti was retired to rest, had a favourable opportunity of fabricating the deadly potion which he designed to tempt her with as soon as she waked.

He had just finished the composition when his privacy was broken in on by a friend who had accidentally seen him in the street, and now,  
with



with that species of earnestness that will not be denied, insisted on his going with him to join the conviviality of a party of their common acquaintance. Pleasure was the temptation, and an irresistible one to the Count, if he could enjoy it consistent with that superior delight, the gratification of his vindictive malice. This was very possible : he left orders with his attendants to obey Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl in his absence, and when she left her chamber to take care she had some refreshments, and as much as she chose of the wine he pointed out ; and then left the inn with his friend.

He had been gone but a short time when Ypsilanti awoke, returned to their sitting room, and, not finding him there, inquired after him.—To their answers the servants added a repetition of their master's orders, and desired to know what refreshment she chose. Sleep had restored her after her fatigue ; the change in her circumstances had given elasticity to her spirits, and she readily named what she preferred, desiring with peculiar earnestness something to drink. The wine was immediately at hand, and was reached and filled for her : she took the glass in her hand, but recollecting she was unused to any thing so potent, and that a long cessation of appetite might make it an injurious draught, she repressed her inclination, and waited the arrival of her little dish.

Before it could be sent in, a servant entered with a message from a gentleman who requested leave to visit her.—“ I do not chuse,” said she, “ to receive visits while the Count is away. “ Excuse me to the gentleman, and say that “ Count Maximilian Vringen will return in “ a few hours, when I shall be happy to admit “ him.”

A second message came. The gentleman claimed acquaintance with her—he was sure she would not refuse him a five-minutes' hearing when she saw him and knew his business. He wanted to see her on an affair of the utmost importance to her, and begged earnestly to be introduced immediately.

"Shew him up," said she to the servant, "and wait at the door while he is here.—Good Heaven!" cried she to herself, "sure it cannot be my dear Casimir!—It may, it may—it is, I am persuaded—O my beating heart!—I shall die."

Her imagination operated so powerfully on her faculties, that the idea brought with it the vertigo of fainting, and to avert it she again seized the glass of wine, the deadly draught, and carried it to her lips; but her unsteady hand again saved her, and she had not tasted it when the door burst open and the importunate visitant entered. But it was not Captain Lusinguen—it was no other than Lord Firnes.

Fixing his eyes instantly on her, and making but one spring to the chair on which she had thrown herself, he first dashed the glass out of her hand, and then with a sort of wildness that bespoke insanity, hurled the bottle containing the rest of the destroying beverage against the wall: Ypsilanti all the while in a stupor of amazement. Then in great composure he addressed himself to her, and conjured her, if she would avoid certain death, to leave the place where she was, before Count Maximilian returned.

The recollection of the Viscount's once violent passion, and the present impossibility of her countenancing it, should it have revived, made her

hesitate

hesitate to obey him. She fancied he was in some error, and begged him to explain himself.

"In one word, then," said he, "for five minutes' delay may be death to you, your cousin has a design on your life."—"It is impossible," replied Ypsilanti; "he is a man of honour, and has been my most generous friend."—"Talk not of his friendship," said Lord Firnes; "he has the most diabolical intentions towards you."

"What proof have you of it?"

"Do not ask for proof now. You will be ruined by your own incredulity. Leave this place with me instantly, and by heaven I will protect you."

"I cannot, my Lord. I should expose myself to danger and to censure."

"To neither, on my honour. O Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, how cruel you are to distrust me!—Away with your suspicions—I am married; Lady Firnes is in Augsburg, with me, and is ready to receive you.—I have accidentally met with your friend Dr. Buler: he has informed me how grossly I was imposed on by the artifices of that accursed villain Count Herman Vringen; he has told me that you have now a prospect of being united to Captain Lusingen, and from my soul I rejoice in my own disappointment. My overtaking you here is intirely owing to chance, or rather, I may say, it is the hand of providence stretched out to save you. If, then, you would live to see your beloved Casimir Lusingen, fly instantly with me."

"I have been ill treated," replied Ypsilanti, "till I have learnt to be suspicious. Count



“ Maximilian and yourself have equal claims to  
 “ my credit ; and forgive me if I say are equal-  
 “ ly to be suspected. It would be the basest  
 “ ingratitude to run away from him when he  
 “ is at the trouble of conducting me into Italy.”

“ He will never conduct you into Italy,” said  
 “ Lord Firnes ; or if he does, it will be only to  
 “ your grave there.—Incredulous Mademoiselle  
 “ de Bergzeyl ! have I deserved this distrust?—  
 “ Tell me, have you drank, or had any one else  
 “ drank, of that wine?

“ It has not been tasted. My cousin left it  
 “ for me.”——

“ Yes, yes, I know he did.—It was poisoned,  
 “ Mademoiselle.”

“ You believe so ; but I have no other reason  
 “ to suppose it.

“ I can prove that your cousin has this day  
 “ bought the ingredients for the most delicate  
 “ poison chymical science knows : and since no-  
 “ thing else will remove your prejudice, I must  
 “ risque your safety to convince you.—I called  
 “ a short time ago at an apothecary’s not far off.  
 “ The man was in the greatest possible pertur-  
 “ bation—I asked the cause. He told me his  
 “ servant had, in his absence, sold to a gentle-  
 “ man he believed to be Count Vringen’s young-  
 “ er son, such and such drugs, and that he him-  
 “ self, knowing their fatal influence, was ap-  
 “ prehensive he was about to destroy himself, or  
 “ some one he had a hatred to. From a ques-  
 “ he had inadvertently asked there was reason to  
 “ suspect the person they were designed for  
 “ was a female. I immediately recollected your  
 “ situation, and advised him to make instant in-  
 “ quiry, promising myself to aid him, as I was  
 much

" much interested for a young lady I believe he  
 " had under his protection. The man expressed  
 " his fears of drawing on himself the resent-  
 " ment of such a family ; and the task therefore  
 " devolved on me. I have been so fortunate  
 " as to trace you, to save you from tasting  
 " what I cannot doubt was the vehicle of the  
 " poison ; and now I beseech you to listen to  
 " my warning. For all the injury I do Count  
 " Maximilian, I will at any time answer at his  
 " sword's point."

## CHAP. XXI.

**H**ORROR had taken the place of incredulity in Ypsilanti's mind. She had not even power to yield an assent ; but, giving her hand to Lord Firnes, she suffered him to lead her away, and in a state of almost entire insensibility he conveyed her to the street where he had directed his carriage, with Lady Firnes, and whatever was necessary for their immediately proceeding on their journey, to attend her.

The servant Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl had ordered to wait at the door of her apartment was too well trained to business to obey her. Those that met her in her way out, not understanding what passed, offered no impediment to her departing, and Count Maximilian trusting all was going on as he wished at the inn where he had left Ypsilanti, and allured by the conviviality he met with, was in no haste to return. The fugitives were, therefore, some leagues out of Augsburg before he quitted his company ; and as Lord Firnes had judged it safest to continue his own route, which was that of Switzerland, they were soon out of all danger.

It was some hours before the astonished, terrified Ypsilanti could so far recollect herself as to take any notice of those she was so highly indebted to ; but their tender assiduities by degrees overcoming her newly-inspired dread, she endeavoured,



deavoured, by evincing her gratitude, to atone for her previous distrust.

At supper their conversation naturally turned on what had befallen each since their sudden parting at St. Leonard's. Dr. Buler had saved Ypsilanti the trouble of a narrative: Lord Firnes informed her that his passion for her had been, *fortunately*, as it now appeared, cooled by his believing himself the dupe of artifice, and on the point of being entangled in an inextricable and destructive snare; that, in compliance with the earnest intreaties of Lord and Lady Strethling, he had married the lady they had originally designed for him; that her conduct had been such as perfectly reconciled him to his fate; and that it was for the restoration of her health that he had so opportunely visited the continent. His friend Griffin, he added, was married and well settled. Of Mademoiselle Lusinguen he could repeat nothing but her application to his father and mother. She was considered at first as one concerned in whatever plot the party were supposed meditating; and now that no such plot could be longer supposed, was regarded by Lord Firnes as an object of great commiseration.

The behaviour of Lady Firnes to her new acquaintance proved her possessed of an amiable and liberal mind, and she seconded her husband in all he proposed for Ypsilanti's comfort. Having learnt of her that her father's retirement was her destination, they were not to be dissuaded from altering their route and accompanying her thither, or at least as near it as her scruples would permit. She therefore set forward with them, and without any accident or any interrup-

tion from Count Maximilian reached Lucca in safety.

From Lucca Lord Firnes went over to the hamlet where the Baron de Bergzeyl resided, to warn him gently of the pleasure that was approaching him. While he was gone, the amiable Viscountess gratified her benevolence by purchasing a variety of presents for her new friend, whom nothing but the hope of leaving her in the enjoyment of that peace no other spot in the globe could afford her, could reconcile to this quick separation.

Lord Firnes returned, accompanied by Colonel Lusinguen, whose friendship misfortune could not shake, and who still continued the only comfort, and now the entire support of the Baron. He embraced Ypsilanti with the cordiality of a father, had the satisfaction of reading his son's letter to Dr. Buler, which Ypsilanti had obtained possession of, and seemed in this moment to forget all his sufferings. He gave no cheering account of the Baron's health or affairs, yet he hoped this little revolution in his favour might produce immediate amendment in the former, and be an earnest of better days.

No agitation Ypsilanti had yet experienced could be put in competition with that she felt now that she was on the eve of rejoining her only, her honoured, her unfortunate parent. The remembrance of every danger was absorbed in delight, and she could think of nothing but the joy at hand.—It had force enough to enable her to bid her kind friends a willing adieu, and to hide from her perception the evidence that when she threw herself into her father's arms she increased every torture of his bosom.

A variety

A variety of passions and of virtues are candidates for the possession of a mind in solitude ; and many had by turns reigned in that of the Baron ; but as in every balance, a given impulse will destroy the equipoise, so here natural propensity decided his character, and he had at last, after being at some times a philosopher, at others an enthusiast, and still oftener all things in an hour, settled into gloomy discontent and repining moroseness, too much out of humour with himself to strive to be content, too proud to wish for a melioration of his fate, and too distrustful of Providence to believe it had a blessing to bestow or a will to bless him. In this temper of mind, the restoration of his once injudiciously beloved daughter was an increase and a renewal of his pains. He at first felt a momentary pleasure at hearing her name, but it was succeeded by a murmur, and he was angry that the temptation to think of happiness had disturbed the *sombre* tranquillity of his dogged humour.

Ypsilanti, possessing affections very differently turned, saw in this re-union of her fate to his enjoyments it did not afford. Her first transports over, she discovered peculiar beauties in the spot she was now an inhabitant of ; it was calm and retired, well suited to the frame of her spirits ; and even circumscribed as was the lot fallen to her, it appeared in her eyes abounding with the best of this world's blessings. Society too here lent all its delights ; she had her father, her father's best friend, and his two lovely little girls, just reaching that age when youth repays the debts of infancy ; and in their company, the care of her father's humble dwelling, the cultivation of a little garden, hitherto neglected, and in the sources of her own mind, she did not



doubt being abundantly able to amuse herself till the return of Captain Lusinguen crowned her ultimate wishes.

But the delusions of hope, and the errors of fancy, never fail to punish those who rely on them. A few days convinced her that her father's health was in a state of decay that must render her every hour more and more painfully anxious; that Colonel Lusinguen's joy at his son's safety could not counterbalance his fears for the unhappy Rhodolpha; that a scarcity of money made subsistence precarious; and that she was an additional charge not all their resources could make light.

Under such circumstances she was neither astonished nor disgusted at finding herself no welcome guest at home. She saw her father's moroseness with sorrow; she strove to dispel it by assiduity. It made the invincible equanimity of his friend's mind appear to tenfold advantage; but she drew no invidious comparison: she wished, for her father's sake, his constitutional temper had been as stoical; that it was not, she considered as a natural want of mental health, and left nothing undone that could strengthen the faulty part.

But all was in vain; and in vain was all she could do to preserve the balance of her own mind; for to all the causes of vexation she found, where she had expected only peace, was added Captain Lusinguen's delay, and a delay which, every time she re-considered it, or discussed it with his father, more evidently proved some unforeseen disaster must have overtaken him.

Dejection of spirits is, as all can witness whose nerves are at the mercy of this world, more  
than

than unaided humanity can support ; but when robbed of the only resemblance of comfort, tranquility, the powers of the lower regions can inflict no worse punishment. As much as the silence of the grave is preferable to the most violent torture, so far is the deepest melancholy to be preferred to racking suspense and all the chequering of hopes and dreads, every degree of which now oppressed the head and heart of Ypsilanti.

## CHAP

## C H A P. XXII.

**F**ROM a scene characterised only by the stagnation of hope and comfort, let us turn our eyes towards the situation of Rhodolpha. In Mr. and Mrs. Sorby she has found such friends, and in their extreme indulgence towards her so much to suit the selfishness of her temper, that they had no difficulty in prevailing on her to remain with them. 'Tis true that, to save appearances, she wrote letter after letter addressed to various of her friends, calling on them, in the most earnest manner, to withdraw her from a mode of life which was overloading her with obligations she had no means of repaying. These letters, written in the most captivating language, she never failed to submit to Mrs. Sorby's perusal, and she, delighted with the accomplishments and elegance of her casual friend, exultingly carried them to her husband, on whom they had a similar effect; but Rhodolpha was too prudent to risque the consequence of receiving answers to these well framed letters. It was her practice, when it was too hazardous entirely to suppress them, to fold and direct a blank sheet similar to that she had written on; and as often as she was otherwise unable to escape detection, to send it to the post, taking due care to confound the address so entirely as to preclude all fear of its ever reaching its supposed destination.

London's



London's gay season offered all its joys to Rhodolpha ; and her patron and patroness, proud of possessing a rarity, shewed her in all companies as their own peculiar blessing : but a very short time convinced one of the parties that the treasure so much prized was not a very enviable one. Rhodolpha had penetration in abundance, and soon perceived that there was a step of advance in her power which would raise her to a still more eligible situation, and convert her, whose pride the idea of dependence sometimes touched, into a despotic power. The scheme she had in view was no other than that *most innocent frolic* of making a breach between Mr. and Mrs. Sorby, and securing to herself the affections of the former, an enterprize to which her natural opinion of the flexibility of all men, when warmed by the sun of beauty, and a careful observation of Mr. Sorby's character, encouraged her.

He was a man whose heart was generous and benevolent, and whose conduct had, *by accident*, been regular, but his religion, his friendship, every act of his reason, was sentiment. Under the influence of this fashionable deity, who can exalt virtue, and with the same facility assist vice, he was too susceptible of impressions that enervate the heart and reject the assistance of the head : his good nature was weakness ; his pity, comprehending equally the sufferings of the innocent and guilty, was nine times in ten illplaced ; and possessing that microscopic sensibility which attenuates the fibres of our frame, he was in agonies when the major part of the world would have laughed. The consequence attending this artificial attainment of what is inconsistent with  
tolerable

tolerable comfort, and never fails to undermine the character, was, that having sharpened his feelings to the most exquisite edges and the finest points, they were inapplicable to all but the smaller purposes of philanthropy; and in his traffic he could defraud the revenue or prosecute a claim which had only the law for its support, without feeling the least inconvenience from the petty furniture of his heart.

He had married, solely for love, a very pretty woman, of good family, but no fortune. Ill health and the natural progress of time had impaired her beauty; and his rapturous passion had subsided into more sober affection. Perhaps the continual calls on his tenderness, arising from her delicate constitution and frequent danger of dying, served to keep alive those embers of love which otherwise would have become extinct; and as his was a heart which must be speciously seduced, not openly tempted, to the commission of vice, he had hitherto preserved his conjugal fidelity.

Mrs. Sorby was a woman of good sense, which education had not ingeniously refined, or fashion corrupted. What her reason and the old-fashioned morality of a grandmother had taught her to think right, she invariably pursued, and depended for success on the artless integrity of her conduct. Reflecting that she brought her husband no additional wealth, she was an economist, and possessing no personal vanity, was sparing of those arts of decoration which the folly of the world has almost proved to be essential to the obtaining respect or prolonging the duration of affection. But as not so directly to please her husband as strictly to do the duties of her station, was her aim, she in all things where

liberality

liberality was requisite, shunned the least imputation of a contrary conduct. Mr. Sorby's mercantile situation called for an open table: she furnished it with regular hospitality, and by her assiduity and good housewifery, at a much less expence than a common observer would have believed; to all their friends and visitors behaving in a manner that conciliated universal attention and esteem.

In her nursery, where she had four young claims on the remainder of her heart, she was as perfect as in the rest of œconomy, procuring for her children every advantage of education, and contributing to the expence of it by avoiding all other superfluities. No one's children were better taught, none drest with more decent frugality.

One would think it almost impossible that the most ingenious envy or malice could, from such a character, extract aught to fasten itself on, or that the only person whoever had baseness to attempt it, should be she who was her first temptation to depart from her rigid œconomy. The destitute situation in which Rhodolpha Lusignen came under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Sorby, and their benevolent desire to atone to her for the previous cruelty of fortune, had called pretty forcibly on their purses; and perhaps a species of pride, which it would be severity to censure, had led them into greater liberality than was excusable to their prudence. In the government of the world, considered in its extent, we may be satisfied, even in this state of error, that all is good, and fit, and wise: our short-



shortsightedness will be forgiven if in the detail we do not comprehend it; but reverence for the guiding hand ought to restrain our murmurs, even when we see a Mrs. Sorby suffering under the iniquity of a Rhodolpha Lufinguen.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXIII.

**I**N a very short time after Mademoiselle Lusingen became an inmate of Mr. Sorby's family, she had penetrated into the character of its constituent members; and having first secured that sort of predilection which her beauty and her sufferings in her idea *commanded*, she began her diabolical work by endeavouring to form herself into a strong contrast to her kind patroness. In Mr. Sorby's hours of leisure and relaxation, he having no pursuit but his business, was totally an idle man, and was pleased with the society of any one capable of conversation; and that of his wife had been always acceptable to him. The full employment her household cares found her, and her frequent indisposition, left her but little leisure; and she was often obliged to excuse herself when she would otherwise gladly have accompanied him in the carriage, or gone with him to the theatre. He could not but be convinced that these disappointments were inevitable, and he therefore submitted to them without reproaching her.

But when Rhodolpha Lusingen, feigning to compassionate his toil in business, would tap at the door of his sitting room, with bewitching humility ask admission, and steal in on tip toe as if half afraid, and smiling irresistibly, would intreat him to lay by his accounts and not work

too hard; when she placed herself on the edge of a chair, and began reflections on her happiness in being under the protection of such *dear* friends as Mr. and Mrs. Sorby; when the tear of gratitude seemed starting from her eye, and the palpitation of her heart seemed to speak more than volumes of eloquence, what man of *sensibility*, five and thirty years of age, could prefer the dialogue of debtor and creditor? And when Mr. Sorby found this fascinating female ever ready to help him relax his mind, when he observed, without adverting to the cause, that no deshabille ever was an obstruction to her accompanying him, that her countenance never wore the stamp of care or anxiety, that redundant health kept her spirits in continual flow, and that she renewed in his mind those intoxicating sensations that he had reluctantly given up for the insipidity of stale wedded life, a foundation was laid for drawing a comparison very unfavourable to her who had an infinitely more substantial title to regard.

In a short time Mr. Sorby began to feel himself uneasy without Rhodolpha. She, tender-hearted girl! professed herself bound by every tie of gratitude to shew her obedience even to the *wishes* of such a friend, and therefore was constantly ready to accompany him in his drive to the city, and to share his evening amusement. In these innocent *tête-à-têtes* it was easy to insinuate, by lamenting Mrs. Sorby's delicate health, how much comfort a man was abridged of who had a sick wife, and by commending her assiduity in her family, to point out that by it she reduced herself to the subordinate rank of a good servant. Rhodolpha observed that she had learnt  
much



much from Mrs. Sorby : till she saw her she imagined that to recommend herself as a wife it was sufficient if she was an elegant companion ; but now she perceived the most indispensable conjugal duties were those of keeping accounts, making sweetmeats, and repairing the children's cloathes.

Mr. Sorby laughed, and she felt encouraged to proceed. She lavished praises on Mrs. Sorby, and piously wished her tender constitution might not finally give way under fatigues. She had said as much as in her situation she dared, to warn her against excessive exertion ; and self-interest perhaps rendered her culpably anxious : she had, she confessed, gone so far as to ask her dear friend whether she did not think the keeping another servant would, in the end, be the better economy, as should she shorten her own life, her young family would be left in a condition too agonizing to be thought on.

" I began the world with scarcely a competency," replied Mr. Sorby, and it is therefore incumbent on me to save out of my profits for my children. Mrs. Sorby aids me in this, and, I hope, will not suffer by it. She was always delicate.

" Let her rather," replied Rhodolpha, " save in her table : how many days have we sat down alone to a dinner fit for half a dozen more. Let her put her children to school, instead of having a governess and masters for them at home. She would save money and save her health. But my dear Mrs. Sorby will kill herself through such scrupulous goodness ; and what then is to become of me ?

A little more dialogue of this sort, veiled under the

the greatest kindness, but founded in the blackest malice, made Mr. Sorby think his wife's conduct superfluously excellent. He returned home always with a balance in his mind in favour of her rival, grew disgusted with conjugal virtues, and very soon indifferent to Mrs. Sorby.

Infatuated with his dear Rhodolpha, and not at all perceiving to what criminal lengths he was proceeding, he began to neglect business for the sake of idle amusements with her; and in the first altercation that happened between her and his wife, sided so glaringly and so unjustly with the former, that the woman must have been more a dupe than ever woman was, who had not at least perceived she had cause to be jealous.

Matters were now ripened to almost an open breach, yet still Mrs. Sorby suffered in silent patience. Mr. Sorby, who seemed only waiting for some spark to kindle the combustibles of his bosom, soon found an excuse for alienating himself from his wife; and deprived of the use of every serviceable faculty by his doating passions, as if he was the person injured, complained to Rhodolpha of his wife's intolerable temper, and called upon her gratitude to support his spirits under his misfortunes.

Mrs. Sorby was too well beloved in the circle of her connections to leave any chance for a rival's supplanting her in the opinion of the world. To usurp her situation was a dangerous experiment while they inhabited the same place; she therefore hinted to Mr. Sorby, that the sight of his domestic uneasiness affected her health, which she could never hope to re-establish unless she, for a time at least, withdrew from his house; and he, who would have thought nothing too great

great a sacrifice on such an occasion, immediately proposed a trip to Jamaica, where he had some such concerns as would have warranted the voyage had he been less culpably accompanied.

No sooner was this measure mentioned but it was resolved on, planned, and put in execution, and the enamoured couple, leaving Mrs. Sorby confined to her bed, took their departure.

They reached their destination before Captain Lusingen had sailed for Europe; and Rhodolpha's surprise at meeting her brother was far greater than her joy. She could think of no expedient to make herself at all easy, but that of appearing under the character of Mr. Sorby's wife: he indulged her in the falsehood, and deceived Casimir effectually.



## CHAP. XXIV.

**C**APTAIN LUSINGUEN was still the guest and friend of Mr. Kaizmeyer, and was at this juncture impatiently waiting to embark on board an English ship, intending on his arrival in Great Britain, to set out for Germany, in quest, first of Dr. Buler, and then of Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl, his messenger not being yet returned, and his earnestness admitting of no farther delay. The hospitable benevolence of those who had hitherto so kindly entertained him was, instantly on hearing he had a sister newly arrived, extended to her and Mr. Sorby. Nothing could dissuade Mr. Kaizmeyer from inviting them to a residence in his house during their stay; and Casimir, who was laudably solicitous to maintain the good opinion of this worthy man, felt a little uneasy lest Rhodolpha's untoward temper and disposition might disturb the family harmony.

This apprehension her present deportment lessened; and in a few hours he began to hope he found her a very different creature from the Rhodolpha that had so often vexed him while a child, and distressed him as she grew up. No suspicion of her present situation could be entertained; she appeared the respectable wife of a very respectable man, well known on the island. No one, even of those best acquainted with Mr. Sorby, thought of putting such a question to him

as,

as, Is your former wife dead? and all went on as Rhodolpha herself could wish. Miss Katzmeyer behaved to her with the utmost cordiality of a mind that delighted in doing good; and such was the present state of affairs, that nothing short of the importance of the errand Casimir was setting out on, would have reconciled him to the necessity of quitting a place where he had so pleasantly met so near a relation.

It was some hours before he had an opportunity of asking Rhodolpha if she could give him any tidings of Mademoiselle de Bergzeyl; and happy would it have been for all parties if that opportunity had never presented itself. Indulging her resentment of Count Herman Vringen's conduct, and the native propensity of her own heart, she portrayed the innocent Ypsilanti in the colours best suited to exasperate Casimir against her, and so far succeeded as to convince him it was ruin to think of uniting himself to such a woman, and that therefore his return to Europe would not only be useless, but imprudent.

The consequences of this cruel disappointment were soon but too visible in Captain Lusinguen; and had not his own philosophy been aided by the exhortation of Mr. Katzmeyer, to whom he had revealed all his distresses, his mind must have given way under it. At length his detestation of vice overcame his love, and he began to recollect Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl as a person who had excited and been the object of his tenderest affections, but who was now no more.

Mr. Katzmeyer's kindness to him was on this occasion redoubled, and his favours overwhelmed him. Mr. Sorby and Rhodolpha still continued  
with

with him, and shared almost equally his attention. One day, when Casimir was beginning to grow calm under his vexations, and had formed a resolution to remain at Jamaica and renounce all connection with the other hemisphere, Mr. Katzmeyer, in conversation on this subject, ventured to hint to him a wish that had originated with his first acquaintance and had never quitted his heart; this was, that Casimir would end his last anxiety, and the greatest a parent can feel, by an union with Miss Katzmeyer.

To every woman upon earth, however recommended by beauty, wealth, or virtue, a heart that had so recently lost its best possession, must have been indifferent; and Casimir felt hurt at an offer he had no inclination to accept. He however had too much regard for Mr. Katzmeyer to refuse him abruptly: he confessed to him the state of his mind, and while he acknowledged the superior deserts of the young lady, evinced a disposition to make every possible return for the innumerable benefits he had received from her father; but still without perceiving a probability that any change in his disposition could take place that might justify his professing a warmer attachment to her than friendship.

But a sense of obligation, an abhorrence of ingratitude, a consequent wish to do whatever could gratify his benefactor, and, above all, the certainty that for some reason she did not chuse to reveal, Miss Katzmeyer refused the most eligible offers, began to bow his spirit and influence his opinion, and having once asked himself whether it were impossible to discharge the only duty gratitude had imposed on him, he began with all his might to render it not only possible



sible but easy ; and at the end of a period he had requested to consider the subject, he had command enough of himself to accede, with due expressions of this new obligation, to the proposition Mr. Katzmeyer had made.

That it was perfectly agreeable to the young lady, her artless temper and the consequent ingenuousness of her conduct soon manifested. Not only the family but all the island seemed to rejoice in the supposed happiness of a stranger whose recommendation no adversity of fortune could obscure, and who, even in his forlorn condition, had proved in numberless instances that small means suffice for doing much good where a fit disposition has been previously implanted.

Mr. Katzmeyer, delighted with the prospect of committing his beloved child to the protection of a man he loved already with an affection scarcely less than parental, busied himself in making arrangements for their comfortable establishment. His mercantile concerns had for some time required his visiting England, which he had postponed as averse at his time of life to the trouble of a voyage. He now proposed to depute Casimir in his stead ; and as Miss Katzmeyer had a great desire to see England, where many of her early friends were settled, he determined that in a short time after her marriage they should go together thither.

Perhaps Rhodolpha, absorbed in selfish gratification, might have suffered those about her to enjoy undisturbed peace, had not this last clause been added to their schemes ; but knowing that all her importance was built on a temporary deceit, and her pride not enduring it should be discovered by persons whom she

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could

could not shun, she resolved at any rate to interpose and prevent the match between her brother and Miss Katzmeyer. It is no extenuation of her malice to say, that when she formed this design she acted only as her brother's best friend would have done: from good done without intention no merit is derivable; but certainly, however a sense of gratitude and a repugnance to doing what appeared cruel might operate on the mind of Captain Lusinguen, he could not but hourly feel that to be allowed to indulge his grief for the supposed defection of Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl, was a blessing much better suited to his state of mind than that more showy benefit which awaited him.

The common methods of setting two persons, so connected, at variance failing, through the good temper of both, Rhodolpha was forced to apply to higher means, and nothing appearing in her eyes so dreadful as a discovery that she was a most criminal usurper, she, whom natural affections seldom troubled, and who was always spared the difficulty of deciding on any action, by a disposition to pursue invariably her own interest, immediately resolved, if nothing short of the ruin of her brother would effect her purpose, that it should not miscarry for want of this exertion.

## CHAP. XXV.

THERE was a man employed under Mr. Katzmeyer in a situation of great trust, who, by a person uncommonly good, and an address the most insinuating, had excited in the heart of Rhodolpha, now grown weary of the *sensibility* of Mr. Sorby, a wish that she had not been so tenacious of her reputation as to assume a character that was a bar to a new connection. This man was no less captivated by her shewy attraction; and having no more of scrupulosity in his principles than she had, he was at no great pains to get the better of a passion he however ignorantly ought to have discarded as criminal. Rhodolpha, pleased with the visible effects of her power, and never averse to receiving the incense of flattery from any one, soon convinced him she lent a willing ear to his covert expressions, and would not resent his being more explicit.

The character of this incipient lover had hitherto, as far as respected his probity and his conduct towards Mr. Katzmeyer, remained unimpeached, and he was a favourite with his employer, had, by his attention and seeming philanthropy, soon worked on Casimir's good opinion, and since the arrival of his sister, had been more particularly attached to him.

An explanation of their mutual sentiments soon took place between this man and Rhodolpha;



but she foreseeing that by a little dexterity she could make his submission serviceable in detaching her brother from Miss Katzmeyer, kept him in a sort of quarantine which hope alone rendered supportable ; but so firm did this destructive union seem, that for a length of time, tedious to her malice and his passion, she saw no way of saving herself from a discovery but that of rendering herself still more an object of detestation, by abandoning Mr. Sorby and betaking herself to the protection this new passion offered her.

When almost desperate, an accident revived her hopes. Her impatient lover, in one of their stolen interviews, pressed her to quit her husband and retire with him to the continent of America ; and as an additional motive to this step, and its speedy execution, he confessed that under Mr. Katzmeyer he had been guilty of such speculation as would secure to him affluence if he now escaped, but which must otherwise, he feared, in a short time come to light. A wish first darted into the ready heart of Rhodolpha that it had been her brother who had stood in this predicament, and next she began to conceive the possibility of so far involving him in this disgrace as to make him forfeit Mr. Katzmeyer's good opinion, and of course his pretensions to the daughter.

She began her machinations by hinting to the speculator that the surest means to secure himself would be to make her brother his friend ; but this he justly condemned, not as iniquitous, but impossible. Feminine ingenuity suggested a mode of at least interesting the one in the fate of the other. She advised her captive to try what might be done, and put him on this scheme :—  
 " Make my brother," said she, " a present suffi-

" cient

"cient to countenance the suspicion that he has  
 "shared your gains. He will not, I am sure,  
 "accept it for himself, therefore put it in such  
 "a form as will render it proper for me. Tell  
 "him that your delicacy will not permit you to  
 "offer it yourself, considering my situation as the  
 "wife of Mr. Sorby; and desire him to postpone  
 "producing it till we arrive in England, where  
 "no other construction can be affixed to it than  
 "it deserves. If this succeeds, you have nothing  
 "to fear; for I am certain Mr. Katzmeyer's at-  
 "tachment to my brother is so great that he will  
 "forgive any thing rather than hurt him; or at  
 "worst you can but retreat as you propose—at  
 "all events, depend on my supporting you here,  
 "or accompanying you whithersoever you shall  
 "think it prudent to go."

Desperation had rendered her auditor perfectly  
 disposed to catch at any means held out for his  
 relief; and her confidence in the success of her  
 scheme inclined him to think well of it. The  
 kindness which he had hitherto shewn to Casimir,  
 and which had won the friendship of the latter,  
 was increased with due caution and returned with-  
 out suspicion.

Avarice, not want, had been the motive with  
 this depredator; and this now, notwithstanding  
 his ticklish situation, militated strongly against the  
*generosity* of expending much in the purchase of  
 security. He had reason to apprehend that what-  
 ever he deposited with Lusinguen as a present to  
 his sister, would never again revert to him, and  
 he therefore cast about for the cheapest mode of  
 obtaining the promised advantage.

An accident, entirely foreign to the business,  
 soon befriended him. Mr. Katzmeyer and his  
 daughter

daughter were for a few days absent on a visit at a distance, and all care of the counting-house, plantations, &c, was remitted to this *trusty* agent and Casimir. Mr. Katzmeyer had some time before his departure, received advice of a bulse of diamonds which a friend in the other Indies had sent as a present to Miss Katzmeyer. They had arrived in England, and were thence to be forwarded to him; but he, not imagining they would come in his absence, omitted to mention them to those he left in charge.

As soon as this valuable present was delivered at Mr. Katzmeyer's, Rhodolpha's avaricious lover cast his eyes on it as a most convenient object for his purpose. It had been given into the custody of Casimir, but not in the due form of business; for its outside did not declare its contents, and no invoice accompanied it. He therefore only stowed it with other things committed to his care against Mr. Katzmeyer's return.

But his coadjutor well knew its value, and lost no time in making himself still better acquainted with it. He seized the first opportunity when Lusinguen was out of the way, to open it, took out the best of the diamonds, and returned the rest. He then sought his unhappy friend, and fabricating a plausible tale of connections in the East that remitted such trifles to him, he, in the way Rhodolpha had pointed out, prevailed on her brother to accept them for her.

Mr. Katzmeyer and his daughter returned home; and Casimir, little suspecting what awaited him, endeavoured only to get that victory over his love and his memory that still was wanting to render gratitude an easy duty. A short time

was



was to unite him to the family he was so indebted to, and his spirit rose with emulation to deserve the good opinion they entertained of him.

Letters which were reserved for Mr. Katzmeyer's opening, informed him that the diamonds were sent ; and he inquired for them of Lusinguen. As *diamonds* he could not acknowledge the receipt of them, and Mr. Katzmeyer's description of the form they would appear in, did not accord with that they bore ; he therefore could only refer to the place where he had deposited other things that came nearly in the same way, and there they were not to be found : in the multiplicity of business, he had at that time forgotten the parcel that had been delivered to him ; but recollecting it in his search, mentioned it to Mr. Katzmeyer, who, on hearing it described, was confident it could not be what he was in quest of. He nevertheless desired that it might be produced, and Casimir's hesitation on this head added to the distress.

Mr. Katzmeyer, however, entertained not the least suspicion, nor did his behaviour manifest the least irritation of temper. He was certain both articles would be found ; the hurry they were sought for in prevented it, and he advised Lusinguen to devote a leisure hour or two to search and enquiry.

In the bustle of this plot some discoveries respecting other embezzlements were made ; but without any clue to the hand that was guilty. It was concluded by all that whenever the person who secreted the diamonds was found, it would be no difficulty to trace the other culprits.

prits. Excepting Lusinguen, no one was so busy, or appeared so sedulous, in bringing the affair to light, as he who was the author of it and perhaps his fears were as painful as Lusinguen's more honest anxiety.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVI.

**A**T length a very tempting pecuniary reward was offered for the discovery of the offender: Rhodolpha's greediness never slept; and she cast about for a means of securing this to herself, by betraying not only her brother but her lover, two separate rewards being annexed to the revealing the person who had secreted the diamonds and him who had been guilty of other speculations that were stated.

But not chusing to appear herself in this business, she employed a negro Mr. Katzmeyer had given her, to negotiate it. She knew this man's integrity was to be relied on, and had reason to believe him capable of whatever art and dexterity so delicate an affair required. She therefore, charging him on no account to reveal to Mr. Katzmeyer the author of his information, furnished him with a hint or two sufficient for the purpose. In the mean time, she advised her lover, who needed not many arguments to convince him of his danger, to secure his property and secret himself till he could embark for America; whither, in case of extremity, she still promised to follow him.

It was with difficulty Mr. Katzmeyer could be brought to suspect a man whom his patronage had raised from the obscurest meanness to a state that left him nearly without wants or wishes;



but much less easy was it to make him for a moment distrust Casimir Lusingen. He heard the negro's evidence at first with indifference, but some circumstances of it appearing worthy attention, he pledged his word for the secrecy the informer required, and his good nature almost inclining him to repent that he had entered on an inquiry that touched his heart so closely, he, with sincere hope that he was on a wrong scent, took the gentlest and coolest methods of finding out that these persons were, as he scarcely doubted, innocent.

The sudden withdrawing of the peculator first alarmed him, and a brief investigation forced him to reflect on the ingratitude of man. Still he hoped, in the second instance, to be disappointed: and the mentioning with the utmost reluctance the unpleasant circumstance of the missing diamonds, he hinted, in a distant manner, to Lusingen his wish that they were found, not on account of their value, but to clear his integrity in the eyes of all who knew of the affair, and who perhaps were not as well informed in it as he was.

Fixing his eyes instantly on Casimir as he spoke, the ingenuousness of his countenance strengthened his inclination to acquaint him. He replied with honest warmth, that he trusted to his uniform conduct thorough life, and to the character it had procured him, for an acquittal with all who knew him; but in a country of strangers, where he had been received in indigence, and raised from it by unexampled generosity, he could only hope that every man, by an appeal to his own heart, would declare such villainy impossible. He wished every possible search to be made: he was ready to face all inquiry; it was  
well

well known that on his arrival he had nothing, and he was perfectly ready not only to give up all he had possessed to the strict examination, but to renounce it.

Mr. Katzmeyer, extremely disturbed by his recent acquaintance with suspicion, a guest not at all suited to the philanthropy of his nature, left Casimir after a short conversation, still cherishing his hopes, and fearful of penetrating to their destruction.—The negro ambassador from Rhodolpha, who was impatient for her reward, called on him again. Part of his evidence was now esteemed deserving of pay ; but the latter Mr. Katzmeyer himself endeavoured to overthrow by cross examination. He could not do it ; and he was most reluctantly compelled by justice to determine that he would make a closer inquiry.

When his informer retired, he sent for Casimir, and, with the agonies of a parent about to judge a child, revealed all that so disturbed him, and begged him, by using every endeavour for making his innocence incontrovertible, to rid him of the torture of suspicion. He told him ingenuously he had been assured by a private hand that he and the man who had at present escaped had shared in plundering him. “ I do not believe it,” said he, “ but the world must not believe it. “ Clear yourself if it is possible.”

“ First,” said Casimir, “ while I stay here, “ let the strictest search be made throughout all “ my little property. Every thing shall be open, “ and the greatest favour I beg is, the careful “ examination and most rigid enquiry that can “ be made. I shrink from no test ; but if I have “ lived to be suspected, I have lived too long.”

Mr.

Mr. Katzmeyer very unwillingly took the keys he held out to him, and nothing but his repeated representation that to do what seemed cruelty was the greatest kindness to him, could have urged him to make use of them.

He went to that part of the house where Casimir's apartments were; and with a trembling hand, and the sincerest prayers for his acquittal, unlocked a bureau and began his search. Almost the first thing he met with was the diamonds, which the guilty exile had given Lusinguen as a present for his sister. They had scarcely recurred to his remembrance since he accepted them; but they now served as a proof against him, and stopped Mr. Katzmeyer in his search.

What the good man felt at receiving a conviction a less virtuous mind would have deemed satisfaction, is not to be described; he shut the bureau, would look no farther, and finding himself wholly unequal to the task of confronting Casimir at present, he sent back his keys, and for some hours avoided him.

But this was a suspense innocence could not bear. Casimir endured it as long as his feelings would permit, and then, wondering his friend should be so backward in even partially acquitting him, he sought him, and confidentially, though modestly begged to know the result of his examination.

Mr. Katzmeyer's perturbed countenance gave him the first alarm of guilt. With evidences of the sincerest sorrow at his apparent success, and with expressions that repugnance made scarcely intelligible, he required him to account for the diamonds he had found, which by the state they were in, declared themselves a part of the missing bulse.

Casimir



Casimir instantly related the whole of the transaction ; but suspicion had with difficulty taken possession of his friend's mind, and was resolved not to be driven from her post. He could only express his regret ; he forbore all reproaches, saying only, in a way that shewed his resolution was taken, that all connection between them must now end.

A frenzy of rage and despair seized on the brain of Casimir at this moment ; and listening to nothing but the dictates of passion, he furiously demanded what it was impossible he should obtain : he demanded a trial, and to be confronted with the man who was indeed guilty, whom he could not yet think such a villain as to deny the circumstance of this transaction ; but the first cool moment shewed him not only the absurdity of his requisition, but that however injuriously he was suspected, he was so shackled that it was impossible to clear himself.

Odious to his own sight, now that his honour was attainted, nothing restrained him from some act of desperation but the disdain a noble mind feels when sinking under injustice : it was impossible for him to trace the author of his misery ; and his concern to seek him was but a secondary consideration, compared to that so much more important of proving his own innocence.

Mr. Katzmeyer had left him, convinced of that which added to his distress. He saw that passion had no share in his suspicion, and that every prejudice he entertained was in his favour ; he saw how unwillingly he yielded to what could not but regard as a proof, and that the worthy man suffered in nearly as great a degree as himself. This testimony of still remain-  
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ing affection, though, it encouraged him to hope his mind would remain open to a more correct conviction, increased his own torture, and made him, however innocent, curse his fate, who was doomed to requite the innumerable kindness he had received by wounding the breast of his benefactor.

Again hoping it was in his power to assert his integrity, and to shew that the proofs against him were not infallible, he sought Mr. Katzmeyer; but he could obtain no hearing. He then so far commanded his feelings as to write to him a long letter to the purport of what he meant to have said, which he concluded by renouncing all farther pretensions to the friendship he had hitherto experienced, and all the profits arising from it. He hoped by quitting the island as nearly as possible in the poverty he reached it in, he should at least prove that whatever fraud he had been guilty of, it was productive of no advantage to him; and after sincerely expressing his gratitude for every kindness he had enjoyed, and the most earnest prayers for the welfare and happiness of his deceived patron, and his own exculpation, he declared it his intention to leave the island with the first ship that sailed for England, and to work his passage thither, rather than avail himself of the smallest part of the means in his hands of procuring a more comfortable conveyance. What should become of him afterwards he knew not, nor concerned himself to consider. He only begged that if ever accident brought to light the mystery of this business, Mr. Katzmeyer would have the goodness to inform Dr. Buler of it by letter. With him he meant to keep up a correspondence, solely that he might at one time  
or the

or the other have the satisfaction of knowing he was proved innocent. Sickened of a world that had so cruelly mocked him, and now deprived him of the only support a virtuous mind asks or can receive in adversity, he scorned to attach himself to its society by any other than this one link,

Without taking leave even of Rhodolpha, he having previously stripped himself of every thing at all valuable, went on board an English vessel, agreed with the captain to work his passage, and sailed with him on the following day.



## C H A P. XXVII.

**R**HODOLPHA and Mr. Sorby remained on the island still kindly entertained by Mr. Katzmeyer. She offered her consolations to the disappointed young lady, in hopes, in case of need, she might ingratiate herself with her; but Miss Katzmeyer was too sincerely attached to Lusignen to listen to her; and though she had too much native integrity to cherish a fondness for a man who had so requited her father's liberality, she was not at all pleased with Rhodolpha's artful insinuations, which, while she affected to appear her brother's vindicator, left an impression on the mind that aggravated the idea of his guilt.

She still retained a considerable degree of power over the heart of Mr. Sorby, because there was in the composition of her mind and temper a variety that could charm by novelty and seize the passions by surprise; but her empire was in the wane. Whenever reflection intruded on the mind of her dupe, it forced his memory to advert to England and what he had left there. These recurrences, in themselves painful to one not thoroughly steeped in guilt, were rendered still more uneasy by the necessity which he saw fast approaching of his returning home or homewards. He had long since dispatched all the business he came on, and his more important affairs

were

were suffering by his absence. Interest aided principle, and a heart-rending letter he received from Mrs. Sorby, beseeching him on any terms to indulge her with a sight of him before she retreated to the quiet of the grave, completed the triumph of reason and virtue : he formed a resolution so heroic as almost to atone for his offence ; he determined to sail without delay for England ; and that he might detach himself from the syren who had seduced him, to keep her ignorant of his intention : many a painful struggle did this resolve cost him, not so much between passion and duty as between that and honour, which in this instance militated. It was cruelty to leave Rhodolpha, however indifferent he felt himself growing towards her, in a foreign land and without the means of subsisting ; but it was injustice, aggravated by the merit of the sufferer, which now again began to be perceptible to his mind, to carry home with him the bane of her peace. Agonized by these contending considerations, he was in the utmost distress to decide on what was least unfit to be done ; and being driven by his want of firmness to the last extremity, he was forced to act as if he had never thought on the subject, and to do that which his reason and the remnants of honour loudly condemned.

An opportunity of returning to England, unexpectedly and very suddenly offered itself, while his mind was in this doubtful state ; and having no time for contrivance, he told Rhodolpha he should avail himself of it, and referred it to her to chuse whether she would accompany him or remain where she was, to enable her to do which with propriety, he offered her what pecuniary

cuniary assistance she might need, and promised her punctual remittances. Her passions fired at the alternative. To be left behind was a proof she did not wish to oblige the world with that she was not Mr. Sorby's wife. She on this occasion gave her tongue the rein. Altercation, not very flattering to her vanity, ensued, and so increased the incipient disgust of him on whom she depended, that her sagacity quickly informed her she had passed the meridian of her tyranny over him. Perceiving this, her pride rose to aid her other passions; she scorned to accept *moderate* kindness, and indignantly turned her thoughts towards her other lover, who was secreted by some friends, and was waiting for an opportunity to get away from the island.

Him she resolved, as she was acquainted with his retreat, to see, for the purpose of forming an arrangement with him before she gave Mr. Sorby her ultimate answer. She was forced to wait some hours lest she should endanger his safety and her own with it; and in the interim her scheme was rendered not worth the contrivance, by an accident which she had not foreseen.

The unworthy man under whose protection she now meant to place herself, had in his own opinion, perfectly secured the property he had embezzled, by depositing it in the warehouse of the friend who had secreted him; but a search being made there by the officers of the revenue, for goods not all connected with this plunder, discoveries were made that excited farther inquiry on the part of Mr. Katzmeyer; and without opposition he recovered a considerable part of his property.

Of



Of this Rhodolpha was informed previous to her projected interview ; and as she prudently considered that her lover in losing his wealth lost his most substantial recommendation to her regard, she again turned her thoughts to Mr. Sorby, and began to plan terms with him. To save her credit, she designed to stipulate that she would leave Jamaica with him, and in the character she had hitherto successfully supported ; and for what was afterwards to become of her, as she saw she had very little dependence on his continuing her dupe, she referred herself to that chance which had often taken her up when her own demerits had cast her down.

Her now deserted lover, whom she had allured with the promise of accompanying him in his exile, when he found himself stripped of all he had relied on, and that he had nothing but his personal safety to consult, ventured a message to her from his lurking-place, reminding her of her engagement, conjuring her not to deprive him of his only remaining comfort, and informing her that he had an opportunity of departing in a few hours. Of this she took no notice : in the mean time it was whispered to him that she had it in contemplation to desert him ; he, provoked at her perfidy, could scarcely be prevailed on by regard for his own safety to forbear publishing her part in their iniquitous transaction. Some rumours she did not like in a few hours crept abroad, and condescending to adopt some of her alluring arts, she hastened Mr. Sorby to go on board the vessel that was to convey them to England.

His intentions were, however, very different from what they appeared to her. The difficulties  
with

with which he was surrounded through his own folly, now forced him to stick at nothing that could extricate him ; and returning love for his wife every moment diminishing his ill-founded and sottish partiality, he at length resolved, at all events, to get rid of this she-impediment to his doing his duty. He suffered Rhodolpha to suppose she was to be his companion, and to prepare for their departure. He had not fortitude enough to avow his design ; but he was unalterably determined to leave her behind, with such a provision of money as would secure her from want. He wished to have gone one step farther, and to have secured for her the countenance of the Katzmeyer family ; but a sense of right again interposed, and there was a native dignity about Miss Katzmeyer which forbade his recommending one of whom he now began to entertain a just and very unfavourable opinion, to her friendship or even attention.

## C H A P. XXVIII.

**I**T wanted but a few hours of his carrying this scheme into execution, and he had prepared every thing for it, when the messenger who had been sent on the part of Casimir Lusinguen into Germany. and who had been so delayed by sickness and accident as to be long since given over for lost, returned: he brought letters from Dr. Buler and Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl, which, had not Casimir left Jamaica, would at least have satisfied him that a part of his uneasiness had no foundation but in fraud. Mr. Katzmeyer was by many about him advised to open these letters; but his notions of honour would not suffer him to break the seals, and with such emotions as shewed he deplored the supposed baseness that had injured him, and still loved Lusinguen, he committed them to the care of Mr. Sorby, who undertook to do whatever could tend towards the safe delivery of them. He thought it not impossible to trace Casimir on his arrival in England, as the vessel he sailed with, its captain, and destination, were well known.

An order came for the passengers, of whom Mr. Sorby and Rhodolpha were the chief persons, to repair on board. He, pretending that he would first settle a little business with the captain and then fetch Rhodolpha, went away, leaving her with Miss Katzmeyer. He staid so long that



that both ladies were surprised, and the former alarmed. Going to another part of the house that overlooked the harbour in order to see what passed there, she was met by a servant who gave her two letters directed in Mr. Sorby's hand, the one for herself, the other for Mr. Katzmeyer.

What she herself was capable of, her judgment taught her to suspect in another; and in this instance she guessed justly. In all the perturbation of rage that waits only a small and expected confirmation to become fury, she tore open first the letter that was addressed to her:—she cursed its contents, and soon learnt her situation: it contained also paper money to an amount that ought to have convinced her the cruelty she suffered was not so excessive as it might have been; but she, listening only to the clamours of passion, and too mad with vexation to care even for herself, entirely, and in a moment, demolished all together, by tearing the *envelope* and its valuable inclosure into ten thousand pieces.

Petrified with this stroke, she then stood motionless as a statue. Again *self* whispered, and she listened. “What has he said of me in this “letter to Mr. Katzmeyer?” was her first rational question. She had thrown it on a table near her while she rent open her own unwelcome epistle. She now snatched it, opened, and perused it. It contained nothing that criminated her—she was astonished; for it was a degree of forbearance Rhodolpha Lusinguen was as incapable of conceiving as of practising. It only told him to whom it was addressed, that the writer had reason, which, he hoped, would ultimately justify him for an excentricity of conduct that must

must at present appear highly culpable. He anticipated all accusation in the gross, declared all censure that might fall on him to be infinitely less than that he felt he merited, and unintelligibly professed himself a villain, but towards whom was not to be discovered.

Rhodolpha, relying on this obscurity and the first impression her deplorable situation would make on those already her friends, boldly carried this letter to Mr. Katzmeyer, her countenance still bearing all the testimonies of mental suffering. She apologized for the unpardonable presumption she had been guilty of in breaking it open ; it was the agony of her soul—it was a momentary insanity, which deprived her of the power of judging.—She wept ; she begged forgiveness, and was readily forgiven.

Mr. Sorby had not taken leave of Mr. Katzmeyer, who, being engaged in business at the time, was not aware of what was passing. He read the letter with astonishment. Rhodolpha scrupled not to acknowledge that she had received another : she confessed too that she had, in a rage, destroyed it ; but not a word did she say of what she had annihilated with it. Mr. Sorby therefore appeared in the eyes of Mr. Katzmeyer just as she wished : she was considered as his deserted wife, and promised every possible assistance in obtaining justice.

The kindness of the family was now redoubled towards her, and nothing was omitted that could soothe her griefs. New hopes began to blossom in her fertile imagination. Mr. Katzmeyer appeared not insensible to her attractions ; she saw that every day he allowed her an increased degree of ascendancy over him ; and though the  
morality

morality and integrity of his conduct was such as gave her no encouragement, while he remained under the error of supposing her the *legal* property of another, she comforted herself with fancying it not quite impossible, when her dominion over him was a little more absolute, to make up such a tale for his hearing as should at once inform him of her real situation, and incline him to forgive and pity her.

Every thing was tending prosperously towards this important *denouement*. Miss Kätzmeyer, occupied with her own melancholy, and not by nature formed for suspicion, perceived nothing that alarmed her, and seconded her father in every good he projected for the serpent that was preparing to sting them. But the triumph of wickedness was short, and its overthrow complete.

Soon after Mrs. Sorby had written that letter to her husband which had perfected his recall to duty and to her, she, fearing for its success, wrote by another ship to Mr. Kätzmeyer, whom she knew as her husband's friend and correspondent, and besought him to use his powers of representation and remonstrance, if not to detach Mr. Sorby from the *illicit connection* he had formed, at least to prevent his disregarding her request to see him before her death, which she conceived to be very fast approaching. This letter, which Rhodolpha could neither expect nor intercept, was the fatal blow to her security: it was thunder to the senses of him it was addressed to: it had to act on a bosom abounding with the mercy of Christianity, and on a mind which preferred nothing but justice to pity; but where the preference was so strong that villainy of no kind,  
let



let its punishment be ever so severe, could hope to receive protection or countenance.

Mr. Katzmeyer ruminated on this intelligence only long enough to convince himself that he had been duped by a profligate man and an abandoned woman. He then communicated it to his daughter; and it was reluctantly, though indignantly, agreed between them, that farther kindness bestowed on so unworthy a subject, would be insult and cruelty to her her conduct had injured, and perhaps murdered. Some consolation these good people extracted from referring to Mr. Sorby's letter, which this from his wife now fully explained. Expressions before mysterious or ambiguous were now easily construed; and no doubt could be entertained that the deluded man had broken the snare and would make the best use of his liberty.

In a short time Rhodolpha, unsuspecting of what had befallen her, was summoned to the presence of her abused friends and protectors. Messages, such as that she received, had frequently been calls to attend for pleasure or profit, and she obeyed with alacrity. But the countenance of Mr. and Miss Katzmeyer instantly alarmed her, and awakened her from the dreams of hope and imagination. His stile expressed, though anger was its predominating characteristic, pity for the weakness of feminine wickedness; but Miss Katzmeyer's was all indicative of horror and indignation. She, as of the same sex with Mrs. Sorby, felt deeply for the sorrows her distress of mind implied; and as of the same sex with Rhodolpha, she abhorred her for so betraying the female character to reproach and obloquy.

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She was shewn the letter that contained her accusation. She read it with a command over herself that obtained her no credit, but rather proved her perfection in the science she professed. She re-perused it—she turned it—she examined it carefully, as if certain it contained something yet undiscovered, and then boldly returning it to Mr. Katzmeyer, declared it to be a most infamous forgery, contrived, she had no doubt, by Mr. Sorby to ruin her.

Her usual success seemed now to have deserted her, and she saw her assertions disregarded and herself on the brink of destruction. There remained only one more card for her to play; but before she ventured it, she wished for time to calculate her chances, and to consider what her adversaries held against her. Assuming therefore a new mode of behaviour, and all grief and tears, she requested to be indulged with a few hours privacy, engaged at the expiration of that time to do away all suspicion of her, and was allowed to withdraw.

In her retreat to her own apartment, she had been met by some of the family, bearing about her the evidences that all had not been perfectly harmonious in the room she had quitted; and her passion, never very docile, now being rendered furious by her danger, some expressions, not very respectful to Mr. Katzmeyer, were overheard by persons who had watched her rise and progress in the family favoured with the lynx-eyed assiduity of envy. A friend of the man she had betrayed into guilt, and deserted under the consequences of it, was one of those who had espied her and contemplated her appearance. He had

had been made privy to her conduct, and nothing but the partiality shewn her had deterred him from revealing the truth of the transaction respecting the diamonds, &c. Happy now in an opportunity of indulging his dislike to her, he found means, before she was ready with her plausible exculpation, to insinuate to his master that it was possible to developé this mystery, and taking on himself to make terms for the exiled culprit, whose situation nothing could render much worse, he prevailed on Mr. Katzmeyer to promise free pardon as a reward for a full discovery. With all expedition the man was brought before his injured patron ; he confessed all, and by doing so, fully acquitted Casimir, and as fully criminated his sister.

She was ready to make her defence before Mr. Katzmeyer was disposed to hear it. To a mind wounded as his had been in its very tenderest part, even the applications of a cure were torture scarcely to be endured ; and his sufferings were aggravated by the consideration that it was out of his power to derive any other good from the rectification of his error than internal satisfaction, and by his parental tenderness for her who had felt still more keenly than himself the dagger that had stabbed Casimir's reputation and their domestic peace.

At length Rodolpha, whose ready passions had begun to resent the injustice of delaying her defence, was called, not to hear that, but her own condemnation ; for a story of woes and artifices, and male cruelty, and female pitiable, nay, even *virtuous*, sensibility and weakness, was



not suffered to proceed. She was warned that her insidious character was fully discovered, and that a sum of money sufficient to defray the expence of her passage to England was the last and the only favour that would be granted her.

All the vehemence of reproach and recrimination she could exert was of no avail to procure her compassion or even attention: she was confined to her apartment till a passage could be procured for her: this was effected in a few days, and with circumstances of scarcely less indignity than those attending on the removal of a convict, she was committed to the care of the master of the vessel, who had Mr. Katzmeyer's secret orders to pay her five pounds sterling on her quitting the vessel.

Her mind supplied abundantly the episode of a storm during the voyage; and Nature, by her peaceful temper at that juncture, seemed disposed to exhibit a contrast to her.—Let us Leave her, gently borne on a glassy-surfaced deep, but tossed by the billows of her bosom, and pursue Mr Sorby in his endeavour to regain the road she had seduced him from.

Fortunately the winds had so impeded the progress of that vessel in which Casimir Lusignen had sailed, that on landing in England he found it was still in the Downs; he lost no time in his search, learnt that Casimir was still on board, and his anxiety respecting Mrs. Sorby not suffering him to stop to deliver the letters personally, he committed them to the care of a person he could trust, and pursued his way to London, where he he had the inexpressible satisfaction

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tisfaction of finding it not yet too late to restore peace and health to his amiable wife, to whom a full confession of his error, and the evidences he gave of sincere contrition, were the only possible, and now perfectly efficacious, restoration.

## C H A P. XXIX.

**T**HE captain of the vessel which had brought Casimir to the English shore, knew none of the circumstances that had compelled him to leave Jamaica; but perceiving in him on his first application that suavity of manners that never fails to interest persons of discernment or good temper, he became more his friend than the humble situation he sought demanded, and felt a degree of curiosity excited by the incongruity of his wishes and his deportment. He had been but a few days on board when this favourable disposition manifested itself, by his inquiry into the views of his passenger; and after a conversation of some length, which served only to convince him that his new acquaintance was at war with fortune, the captain, with tar like ingenuousness, professed himself concerned to see so fine a young fellow in distress, and offered him every assistance in his power.

To him, who doubted whether the world contained a being who would now look on him, this was a valuable patronage; but Casimir was disgusted with the world, and while under suspicion, despised himself too much to wish for a recommendation to the good opinion of another. He, however, would not ungratefully repel the hand



hand extended to him: he thanked the captain for his benevolent expressions, and increased his interest for him by a candid statement of the distressing situation in which he had quitted Jamaica.

The length of the voyage was more than sufficient to conciliate a mutual esteem between two persons, one so well disposed to do, and the other so deserving of every kindness. When the letters Mr. Sorby had been entrusted with came to Cassimir's hand, he felt something like a recall to existence. Poor and wretched as he was, that from his beloved Ypsilanti, which convinced him she had been cruelly maligned, and was as much as ever his, was of potency sufficient to make him forget every misfortune but the attainer of his integrity. Dr. Buler's letter he was happy in shewing his good friend the captain, as a partial certificate that he had not been kind to a complete scoundrel.

Care for himself, and concern for his future fate, now again occupied a part of his thoughts: he found there was still in the world something worth living for; but how to attain it, with power so circumscribed, was terribly difficult to devise. He entrusted the captain with another part of his confidence, that which respected his German and Italian connections; and he being a man of more than ordinary understanding, and who had battled through the world, promised him his aid in getting to Dr. Buler.

The terms he had agreed on to procure his passage had never after the first few days been observed. The captain had taken him into his cabin, employed him in various ways in which

he could be serviceable, and make the voyage as agreeable to him as to any passenger who had paid for its conveniencies. An honest joy spread over his sun-burnt countenance, now that he learnt the rank of him he had been so kind to : he exulted with the feelings of an honest man, that he had not, by under-rating merit, added to its distresses ; and he applied himself busily to strike out some method of obtaining for Casimir such a conveyance to his friends as might subsist him on the way.

Thoroughly sensible of what an ingenuous temper suffers under suspicion, he was equally anxious for his endeavouring to prove his innocence to Mr. Katzmeyer, and offered himself as mediator between them. He advised him by all means to see Mr. Sorby, whom Casimir supposed himself entitled to look to as a brother, to learn of him what had passed in the intermediate space between their departures, and to engage his assistance in his scheme of getting into Germany. To remove all objections to this necessary step, the captain prevailed on Casimir to remain with him till he could go to London, promised to accompany him to Mr. Sorby, and to exert himself still farther, if necessary, in his behalf.

This was executed as projected.—Casimir's wonder was great when, on being admitted to Mr. Sorby, he learnt that his sister remained at Jamaica. Some awkward embarrassments on the part of Mr. Sorby succeeded the questions naturally put to him ; but presently overcoming whatever feelings opposed his revealing the truth

truth, he confessed to Casimir how he had erred, and how been reclaimed, without attempting to extenuate any thing or to criminate Rhodolpha more than was necessary. He referred it to her brother to judge how, after he had so involved himself, he could otherwise have extricated himself; he regretted that it was not in his power to leave her more comfortably situated, promised to take every means of providing for her, and seemed happy to atone for this deficiency by an offer to Casimir of every assistance he could ask of him.

The story, even told in the gentlest terms, made so much against Mademoiselle Lufinguen, that violent resentment against Mr. Sorby would have been unjust, and his contrition rather excited pity for his feelings; but not this nor his own interest, nor his liberal offers, could prevail on Casimir to receive assistance from the man who had injured his sister and wounded his family honour by at least calling her evil propensities into action; and entirely as his hopes were placed on being able to regain Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl, and sharing life with her, even if it should be of the hardest poverty, his spirit was too great to suffer Mr. Sorby to facilitate this valuable purpose, and he quitted his house with a secret resolution to see him no more.

Deluded by hopes that always mocked him, yet still unwilling to despair, he remained some weeks with his friend the captain, who omitted nothing that could relieve the galling circumstances of his situation or forward his wishes.— Ignorant that Dr. Buler was not acquainted



with Ypsilanti's present retreat, he, when he wrote to him, poured forth all his distresses to her. He attempted to address his father, but the recollection, "My integrity is under suspicion," dashed the pen from his fingers; and he sunk into a reverie of agony.

## CHAP. XXX.

**D**URING this time, that unhappy sport of fortune, Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl, had remained in a situation that every day rendered more uncomfortable ; suffering the most cruelly torturing fears and agitations on account of Casimir's delay, yet not daring to increase the domestic melancholy by allowing her own to appear. Equally to support herself against that, and her father against evils he more immediately felt, she, even under this dejection, strove to turn to the best use whatever abilities she had acquired. She had no false pride that forbade her labouring for the common good ; she had but one end in view, that of relieving her father's increasing gloomy care, and she set herself to oppose it.

The care and improvement of Colonel Lusinguen's daughters occupied some hours of every day ; and she was unremitting in her assiduity to infuse into them every species of knowledge she possessed. A thought struck her that with them she might instruct a few of the children in the neighbouring village, and her manners soon prepossessing in her favour those who had the power of assisting her, in a short time she hoped to derive from her industry such an alleviation of her father's distresses as their humble circumstances rendered important.

But

But scarcely had she put in practice this projected plan, when the Baron's bodily complaints increased to a degree that called for almost constant attendance on him, and perfect quiet for him; and at a time when it was more than ever needful, she was forced to relinquish her scheme. Finding this mental exertion defeated, she next turned her thoughts towards employing her fingers in the same great purpose of procuring subsistence; and well disposed to extract good from evil, to be grateful for the one and submissive under the other, she blessed the memory of her regretted Madame Guemené, who had seconded her infant curiosity and taught her to be variously useful.

Delicacy of taste, acute observation, and flexibility of fingers, had made her excellent in all those feminine employments that consist in imitation. To these therefore she resorted; and having prevailed on Colonel Lusquien to procure her what was necessary to her new scheme, she began to paint and make artificial flowers, with a view to selling her productions at Lucca or Leghorn. She now hoped she had hit on a source that at least nothing at home would cut off: she could attend on her father and pursue her occupation; she could pursue it and indulge her own melancholy undisturbed: she could draw the fading rose, and fancy it emblematical of Casimir's fate; and she could see her own sorrows in the drooping humid lily. When fancy sketched Erminia watching the fate of her Tancred, she gave a sympathetic tear to her distress: when she represented her as departing to heal his wounds, she was an object of her envy. Sophronia and Olindo, when united together



gether, even at the stake, Edward and his Gildippe, not divided even in death, she contemplated as happy beings, and cheered herself with recollecting that this, though a *world*, is not an *eternity* of woe.

To derive any advantage from her labours it was necessary she should offer them for sale, and overcoming all reluctance, where it opposed what she thought right, and conforming in habit and manners entirely to the character of one of the daughters of the peasantry, she waited a day when Lucca was expected to be a place of more than ordinary resort, and accompanied by another young woman, going on a similar errand, went thither on foot, carrying in her hand a prettily decorated twig basket she had been instructed to make, and which contained her mimic vegetation and the specimens of her pencil.

The town was gay and crowded; and in the market-place, whither her companion led her, she found she should easily gain attention without much offence to her feelings. Her basket was presently cleared, and its profits such as doubled her expectations. She now waited only the like good fortune for her companion, and pleased herself with anticipating the comforts she could procure for her father at present, and with projecting variations of fancy in her productions against another opportunity of bringing them to Lucca.

Lost in these ideal joys, she did not perceive that she attracted more than her share of the public gaze, or that she was watched at a distance

tance by one she had every reason that regards peace and safety to shun. Accident had brought her cousins, Count Herman and Count Maximilian, to Lucca on that day, and the former of them discovered her, disguised as she was under a habit and character very different from those she might have been sought for in. Herman, of too plotting a temper to act in any thing on the impulse of the moment, returned to his brother, and devised with him the means of securing her who had hitherto so effectually escaped them ; but in the interim Ypsilanti had returned home, and they found, to their mortification, that it was impossible to trace her, as she was, though much inquired after, unknown to any one at Lucca. They learnt, however, that as the place would be equally resorted to on a day not far distant, it was more than probable she might again be seen, and the brothers, encouraged by this hope, which the revenge of one and the licentious passions of the other inclined them to cherish, prepared themselves fully for her destruction against the expected time.

If Ypsilanti's sorrows were not diminished they were rendered more supportable by the hope that she had now struck out a scheme that would alleviate her father's, and she returned home with a heart less oppressed and a countenance more chearful.

The ills of life and the blessings of life generally flow in a torrent. That of misfortune had often nearly, very nearly shipwrecked the frail bark that carried her comforts ; but fortune seemed now disposed to make amends for all. She entered her father's lonely dwelling prepared to encounter

encounter the never-dispelled gloom that formed its atmosphere. She anticipated pleasures in producing her gains to him, and flattered herself that when he saw some anchorage for hope, his spirits would feel new vigour and he be less unhappy. What was this expectation to the joy she met with in this unpromising abode?—She saw the Baron sitting with his friend Lusinguen—there was a third person present—it was a young man—he turned at hearing some one approach—he rose—it was Casimir!

Surprise and extatic joy overcame her; and only alive enough to throw herself into his arms, she there lost all sense of past misery or its present recompense. She revived to doubt and mortification; her senses refused the conviction presented to them, and even while she gazed on Casimir, heard his voice, and remained sheltered in his arms, she imagined herself asleep and cruelly tortured with those dreams from which she had so frequently waked to aggravated suffering.

While in this state of incredulity, her faculties had time to strengthen, and her agitated spirits to subside into calmness; and at length she permitted herself to believe what she dared not to have hoped. The world contained not now a happier being; nor was he who was the sole source of her joy, at all her inferior in his perception of the blessing he had obtained.

Even the gloom of her father's temper seemed to dissipate under the influence of surrounding joy. That of Colonel Lusinguen was, indeed, the rapture of a fond parent on recovering a beloved,



loved, a long lost, and deplored son; but something appeared to dart across his mind that even in this moment of delight punctured his heart. It abated not his parental tenderness or his thankfulness to heaven for the restoration of his son; but it was a reflection galling in the extreme: it was one that sorrow had riveted to his bosom; it was one no human being shared the knowledge of with him.

The situation in which Casimir Lusingen rejoined his family was such as promised to exonerate them not only from their mental but their corporal distresses. Mr. Katzmeyer in all the agitation of a good mind that had been cheated into error and was miserable under it, wrote immediately, on his penetrating through the mystery of iniquity, to Mr. Sorby, conjuring him, if he had any desire to atone for the misfortunes in which his bringing Rhodolpha thither had involved them all, to seek Casimir Lusingen, to tell him he was fully acquitted, to intreat him to return, and to convey to him a very considerable sum in paper money, which Mr. Katzmeyer inclosed for the purpose. This letter Mr. Katzmeyer forwarded by a vessel of his own without the intervention of an hour's delay, and it reached Mr. Sorby at a time when Casimir's kind friend the captain of the vessel he had come by was with him. It was soon therefore communicated to him it most nearly concerned: he immediately replied to it by acknowledging Mr. Katzmeyer's goodness, but declining to return. He candidly stated the situation of his affairs, confessed where his best affections were deposited, and leaving his benevolent

volent patron to act as he thought proper with regard to the property he had transferred to him, he declared it his intention instantly to set out for Germany in quest of his beloved Ypsilanti. To Miss Katzmeyer he likewise wrote, intreating her forgiveness for the seeming breach of honour he was compelled to be guilty of, and referring it to her own correct notions of justice to decide whether, in so peculiar a concurrence of circumstances, he could act otherwise and at the same time justifiably. He had not vanity enough to suppose the young lady's peace could suffer by the disappointment: he had always imagined himself indebted to her father's good opinion for her preference of him, and occupied as he just then was, with what much more nearly trenched on his heart than a match of *gratitude*, he was soon satisfied on this head.

Directed by the sealed letter Ypsilanti had left with Doctor Buler for him, and which the latter had forwarded, and favoured by whatever could expedite his journey, he, in as short a time as possible gained the Italian shore, and found the Baron's retreat. A few hours brought Ypsilanti thither, and completed the domestic joy.

She now thought no more on the marketplace of Lucca as the source of her comforts. She suffered her companion to go thither on the next attractive day alone; for that day was devoted to a much higher purpose. Early in the morning of it, and with all the privacy her situation required, the church joined her and  
Casimir;

Casimir ; and though the prospect before them was unsettled and gloomy, and had little in it to counterbalance the inconveniences it was charged with, yet the present moment was that of delight, and the hopefulness of youth intoxicated them.



## CHAP. XXXI.

**L**ITTLE of the festivity of Hymen attended these nuptials, nor was it needful ; for the joy was seated in the hearts of the young couple, and diffused itself over every thing around them. Their simple supper was nearly concluded when they were alarmed by footsteps. Casimir rose : his father followed him towards the door :—two men, strangers to them, but with the evidence of superior rank about them, rushed in : they were followed by a groupe apparently of banditti : the foremost of the best looking inquired for the Baron de Bergzeyl ; the other abruptly passed Colonel Lusinguen, and seized on Ypsilanti, who too plainly discerned that they were no other than her cousins, Counts Herman, and Maximilian Vringen : the transition from agitated joy to petrifying horror was more than her senses would bear, and they gave way under the shock.

In the mean time Count Herman endeavoured to seize her father ; but the courage and conduct of Colonel Lusinguen and his son made this a greater difficulty than it appeared. At length Casimir's concern to defend him being overcome by the danger a still dearer object was involved in, when he saw Maximilian and two of his assisting friends attempting to carry her off, he quitted the spot he had occupied, and by striving to

to rescue her, gave Count Herman an opportunity of springing on the Baron, whom he seized with all the avidity of malice and revenge, gasping for the infernal gratification of his thirst.

The efforts of the opponents were now too much divided to be effectual. Colonel Lusingen was wounded in the arm: his son, too, was bleeding, and the few neighbours whom the uproar had collected were more eager to gratify their curiosity, by inquiry into the cause of it, than to find means of appeasing it. The banditti were victorious: they carried off the Baron and his lifeless daughter. Casimir's fury increased with his inability: they bound him hand and foot, and by the Count's orders bore him off with the more immediate objects of their vengeance, leaving Colonel Lusingen, whom the excess of exertion had entirely overpowered, to recover or die by himself.

The excitation of Ypsilanti at the outset of this attack had informed her father and Casimir into whose power they had fallen, and with the information had convinced them that their situation was irremediably oppressive. It is surely not veniously immoral to rejoice when so much evil befalls another as to put it just out of their power to do mischief. Ypsilanti is therefore inexcusable if she, in her heart, felt comfort at hearing that Count Maximilian had been accidentally so wounded in the scuffle by Colonel Lusingen's sword, that he was entirely incapable of farther exertion, and almost disabled from leaving the place. He was, however, borne by some of the gang of desperadoes: a travelling carriage was waiting at a small distance; they

were

were all conveyed in it to Lucca, which they reached about midnight, and from whence they set off, almost immediately, but whither none of those they had made prisoners could more than guess.

Ypsilanti had been recovered from her fainting before they left her father's house, and her natural fortitude of mind, aided by just indignation, bore her up, and enabled her to aid Casimir's remonstrances against the oppression they were subjected to. But words and deeds were equally ineffectual: The Baron took the wiser course, and submitted in silent, sullen despair.

At Lucca they were guarded with a vigilance that defied every attempt at escape. There they were divided into two parties, and cruelty alone being the umpire to which the brothers appealed, They separated Ypsilanti from those whose presence she might in her desolate distress have fancied a protection, and placed her in a carriage with Maximilian, who seemed almost ready to pay his life as the forfeit for his brutal tyranny.

The length of the journey, though expedited to the utmost, and uninterrupted by any hours of rest, gave Ypsilanti's mind time to settle into something like temper. She could not doubt that her destruction was now resolved on, and near at hand; and she prepared herself to meet her fate, whatever it might be, with fortitude, resolving only that nothing should tempt, nothing should compel her to do any act that could add to her misfortunes the stings of remorse.

After experiencing every hardship that the cruelty of Count Herman could inflict, increased by



by Count Maximilian's taunts, and aggravated to excess by his avowing that by a compact between the brothers she was given up a victim to his passion, her suppositions that the castle of Vringen was to be the place of her captivity were verified. When she alighted from the carriage she looked round for that which conveyed her fellow prisoners; but she looked in vain. —It was now that her courage gave way: she doubted not that Count Herman had wreaked his vengeance by murder; and the idea so overcame her, that she was borne lifeless to the little chamber she had occupied in her former confinement.

The fever attending Count Maximilian's wound had been so increased by the rapidity of the journey, that his life was greatly endangered, and during several days Ypsilanti remained an unmolested prisoner. She was fed scantily and coarsely, and saw nobody excepting a man of a tremendous aspect, who in silent sternness brought her food, and then resumed his post of sentry at her door.

But in this exclusion of all employment and intercourse she neither felt the stagnation of idleness, nor enjoyed the quiet of solitude. Harrowed by ten thousand anxieties, she felt that the ties which attached her to the world were the channels through which every species of torture flowed. For every one she loved she felt a distinct agony; not an affection of her heart remained unoccupied, every fibre of it was strained to the utmost tension of misery.

In the mean time the Baron and Casimir (for for their oppressors were too cruel to have granted them the release of assassination) were lodged in

in separate dungeons, and the attention of the Count de Vringen and his elder son was so occupied by the danger of the younger, that they too remained in quiet wretchedness, which the Baron bore with the peevish pusillanimity of a mind that nothing could detach from the world; Casimir with the magnanimity of one who sees his danger, and braves it. Misfortune could not overcome him whose dearest possessions were seated in his own virtue: for it presented death and deliverance as its termination.

A fortnight passing in this unvaried misery, the sufferers separately formed similar opinions, that the malice of their enemies had determined to permit their wearing out their existence under no greater oppression than captivity. The Baron entertained this supposition undisturbed by much concern for his partners in affliction: to postpone death was his utmost anxiety, because he had lived so as to dread it, and the gloom of his mind corresponding with that of his abode, when a succession of days had worn off the apprehensions that at first every returning light had tortured him with, he grew confirmed in his idea, and in some measure satisfied.

But far otherwise was it with Casimir and Ypsilanti, Concern for their existence they felt none: it was not their own sufferings that galled them. Whatever hardship the former endured, he regretted only because it might still be inferior to that she suffered. That Casimir was perhaps already dead was sometimes a consolatory idea to her; but at other times the supposition that he was not, predominated; and then the consideration of what he must undergo for her sake, and in his anxiety for her, was distracting.

Yet

Yet still he was eminently her superior in wretchedness : she was not only his wife, (for the nominal tie could not more attach him than he was attached before by love), she was the chosen object of his best, his warmest affections : he knew her to be exposed to the cruelty of her uncle and her elder cousin ; but from them he hoped death the worst she had to fear. She was exposed, and it was madness, when he thought on it, to the passion of Maximilian ; he had no doubt of her steadily preferring the most racking tortures to a departure from her faith to him ; but when he compared the power that oppressed with that which was to withstand, his head grew giddy, his eyes became dim, and his whole heart sunk into dread and despair.



## C H A P. XXXII.

**B**UT the privilege of unmolested wretchedness was a blessing niggard Fortune still envied Ypsilanti. Count Maximilian recovered; and his ardour not being in the least abated by time or reflection, he, as soon as he could leave his chamber, determined to recompense himself for all he had endured by seeing the prey he had caught. Two passions, seemingly of directly opposite tendencies, incited him, malice and love; the former raged in his bosom in all the fury of the infernal spirits, and guided by their subtlety the Baron was its principal object; but on account of the active part he had taken, and still more on account of the preference Ypsilanti gave him, it included Casimir as completely. Strong passion, originating in his own propensity and her personal charms, was what he felt for Ypsilanti. To gratify this was his aim; but he was too much enamoured to be now content with what his predominating malice had formerly suggested to him: he meant to retain her for his love, and therefore saw the necessity of endeavouring previously to bow her spirit. What course he should take, if he failed, he had not decided on.

When he entered her chamber, she shrunk as at the sight of her most cruel tyrant. Little  
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skilled

skilled in female power, and still less confident in her own, Ypsilanti did not either perceive or suspect that she tyrannised over the heart of Maximilian much more despotically than he or the united malignant trio could over her person.

He approached her—a tyger subdued by love: he, whose word would have been her death-warrant, found it difficult to address her: he tried gentle words and soothing actions; but they were not prompted either by general benevolence or particular humanity—his kindness was as selfish as his cruelty: he was a philosopher in vice; and meaning to refine his pleasure, was at some pains and practised some self-denial to obtain it in the way his imagination had dressed it to his wishes. But the language of love, or even of pity, uttered by lips she had such cause to distrust, could not, under any circumstances, have had charms: now, as the wife of Casimir Lusingen, she would have despised and abhorred herself could she have listened even with seeming complacency. She reminded the Count of her situation; she rejected his passion with indignation, and called on him to wreak his vengeance at once by putting a period to her existence.

His irascible passions were now less potent than those she had equally, nay superior cause to dread. He tried remonstrance; he tried threats supplication and seeming penitence for all his former outrages; but they produced only an added proof that neither the good nor evil of this life had power over a mind so formed as that of Ypsilanti de Bergzeyl; and even deprived as she was of every means of opposing or of finishing her sufferings by death, he saw that such was  
the

the predominancy of her obstinacy, that unless he could find means to subdue it, he should defeat his own purpose by murder.

She was his prisoner ; but he was her slave, or rather the slave of his own passions. He left her, and returned to consider what other method he could adopt for making her his by consent.

Day after day he visited her, till her terror at his approach was nearly worn off. Sometimes he came flushed with hope that he had framed arguments that could not but prevail : sometimes he came, as if deaf to every voice but that of passion, and prepared to exert his power to the utmost. She, who had lost every possession but the innate treasure of her own heart, received him with the intimidating firmness of true magnanimity. She convinced him that it was not in his power to prevent her destroying herself, if he attempted to add to her miseries that of self-reproach. Whenever he approached her, her hands flew to her throat, and experiment having taught that she could thus completely-stop respiration, she was prepared to put it in execution ; and he could not doubt she had resolution sufficient for the dire purpose.

Threats that her father's life and that of Casimir should pay the forfeit of her inflexibility, he had tried in vain. She was brought to a situation where death seemed the only favour the world had to offer, and highly as she prized it, she could not suppose it unwelcome to her friends. Maximilian, provoked beyond all patience at what he could not but revere, was quitting her, vowing that he would, the following day, find a



means of bowing her stubborn spirit or breaking it. She heard him with indifference, told him he was deceived if he hoped any thing from the procrastination of a day or of a year: she did not wish for a decision of her fate, because she felt herself equal to whatever prolixity of cruelty he might invent, nor did she desire to postpone it, because she looked to it as the hour of victory: the whole force of her mind was concentrated in one resolution, that she would not exist unworthy of the affection of the man she was united to: the allurements of hope she spurned, as much as she despised the suggestions of fear, and as she asked no mercy she dreaded no punishment.

More enamoured of her than ever, and secretly cursing his own heart that prompted him to admire virtue he could not practise, and forced him to bow before the power he braved, he, almost frantic, left her to the enjoyment of her only blessing, quiet, and immediately began to prepare for the execution of a scheme he had reserved for his last effort, and on which he built some slender hope.

The room which was her prison was one of a low range of buildings, forming a side of a quadrangle. It had a small window well secured against stronger exertion than a desperate female could make. Though the prospect from it was only that of a court and the walls of some other apartments of the castle, a privation of all other temptation frequently drew her to this spot, and she would lose herself frequently in contemplating the passing clouds, or watching the transitions of the changing hours.

Early

Early in the morning of the day that was to bring forth the stupendous machinations of Count Maximilian, her attention was attracted by hearing voices and the sounds of business under her window. She looked and saw preparations she did not understand. A platform was presently erected, and as it proceeded and resolved itself into shape its purpose became obvious. —“ It “ is preparing for me,” said she, exultingly clasping her hands ; “ a few hours will now release me—Oh, who can doubt the power or “ deny the mercy of Heaven, which converts “ even the cruelty of our bitterest enemies into “ blessings? Let me but quit the miseries of “ this world fit to enter on the pure peace of the “ other, and all my sufferings are abundantly “ rewarded.”

With all the eagerness of an exile who watches the launching of a boat to convey him to his native shore, the shore on which his best, his only possessions are deposited, did Ypsilanti contemplate the rising structure. It was soon completed : she turned from it to thank the bounty of Heaven for this promised liberation.—“ And “ oh, may my cruel enemies be forgiven, as I “ forgive them,” were the words she was uttering when Maximilian entered. The fiends of malice, victorious and triumphant, had seated themselves on his brow. He seized the willing victim in silence, and led her to the court-yard and the scaffold.

Impatient for her release, and to secure it in innocence, disregarding whatever alternative might be offered her, she was springing to ascend it when Maximilian stopped her. A small

force could not oppose her ; but his was compulsive ; and all her hopes vanished, and she was in idea struck down again to the earth, when she perceived that it was not prepared for her, but for her father and Casimir, who were now brought forward from an opposite corner of the quadrangle.

The more than fortitude of her mind was equal to any thing it was prepared to undergo ; but this was sudden torture ; and, overpowered by the agonizing sight, she sunk, pale and senseless, into the arms of Maximilian. He, as if even in death happy to receive her there, forgetting for a moment his vindictive cruelty, pressed her in rapture to his bosom, and imprinted a fervid kiss on her chill lips. Casimir, undaunted by his approaching fate, and inattentive to every object but that he saw snatched from him, reddened with indignation—a moment's reflection subdued it, and he religiously hoped he had seen Ypsilanti expire.

The captives were detained while means were used for her recovery, and to the inexpressible regret of Casimir it was effected. Her father was to appearance already dead to this world : his eyes were turned to the ground, from whence nothing had yet detached them ; he seemed to have no interests, no affections left ; and not even Casimir's involuntary and vehement exclamations on sight of his wife could rouse the Baron to recollection that he had a daughter.

The demon of revenge resumed his empire as soon as Ypsilanti's senses were restored. Casimir ascended ; the Baron was lifted on the scaffold.



scaffold. Count Herman was at an opposite window with his father : the world seemed now entirely under the dominion of vengeance, and Maximilian was delegated by her and by his father and brother to be her efficient coadjutor.

He addressed Ypsilanti by reproving her for that obstinacy that had accelerated the fate of her father and him she chose to style her husband : he threw all the odium of his own cruelty on her ; he declared her alone responsible for the lives of those he was about to devote to death, and again offered pardon and liberation to them if she would renounce her opposition to his love.

Her mind did not hesitate, but her organs were too feeble to obey its impulses ; and she appeared as if wavering. Casimir broke the silence of this suspense.—“ My Ypsilanti,” said he, “ let nothing shake your constancy. Believe me, (and I am sure I speak the language of your father) there is nothing in this world worth living for if integrity is the price at which it is purchased. We are all in a state of misery from which death alone can release us : let us die martyrs in the cause of virtue : as such I claim you ; and secure in your fidelity, I dare the villain who tempts it.”

The heart of Ypsilanti echoed every word Casimir had uttered, and she felt new courage rising in her bosom, till her father, now raising his eyes, shewed a countenance miserably emaciated, and in which no trace of fortitude, or even a disposition to resignation, was to be found. He, in a voice that too plainly spoke the tremu-

lous agitation of a man appalled and scared by the terrors of death, requested humbly to be heard : he was indulged : he addressed his daughter with supplicating hands and streaming tears, and besought her, if an alternative was offered her by which she could procure him ever so short a respite, not to reject it. In all the abjectness of guilty cowardice, and with all the vehemence of one who had riveted his affections too strongly to this unstable world to recall them even when he strove to do so, he implored her to make any concession that would save her father : he appealed to her pity, to her filial piety and affection to him : he denied her to be Casimir's wife ; and he remitted his fate to her, while he whom he so injured stood gazing on him in the petrification of astonishment.

Again Ypsilanti's spirit fled : again Maximilian received her, and anew insulted Casimir by the ardour of his embrace.—“ Thank heaven,” said Lusinguen, turning to his despicable fellow-sufferer, “ you have at last murdered her. Be convinced, Sir, she is my wife by my forbearing to utter against you those reproaches your pusillanimity suggests. What is it she is to purchase for you by a breach of her fidelity to me ? has life been hitherto so pleasant to you that you should covet its continuance on any terms ? or is a miserable existence so valuable a blessing that it cannot be bought too dear, even when purchased at the price of integrity ?”—“ Young man,” replied the dejected Baron, “ you know not the value of life—it is most desired by those who have made the worst

" worst use of it. I do not supplicate to *live*, I  
 " only beg *not to die*."

" Away with the idle distinction," replied Casimir, " let us meet our fate like men. What  
 " can we hope from the mercy of our tyrants ?  
 " what must he be who would accept mercy  
 " from them ? May my Ypsilanti's spirit have  
 " fled before me !—I ask nothing more."

As if the sound of her name, uttered by a voice so dear to her, had had power to recall her even from the grave, Ypsilanti again opened her eyes. That which sunk the heart of Casimir rekindled the hopes of the Baron : again he implored her ; he exhorted her as energetically as his debility would allow, not to suffer a new duty to supersede that which was born with her. " My fate depends on you," said he,—  
 " speak, and I live—be silent, and I die."

" O cruelty, greater than all I have yet suffered, to torture me thus with the agonies of  
 " conflicting duties !" exclaimed she, when her powers of speech returned. " How can I hesitate ? how am I to decide ?—Oh barbarous to  
 " refer my father's doom to me ! how can I utter his condemnation ?—how can I break my  
 " vow to my husband ? O my father ! think,  
 " can the remainder of your days produce aught  
 " but misery when, to obtain a short continuance of life, you force me to such an offence  
 " against Heaven ?—say rather you would not  
 " accept existence with all its blessings, if it  
 " must be procured by unworthy means.—What  
 " is it I obtain for you, could my duty to you so  
 " blind me ? it is only a prolongation of misery  
 " —death is not to be escaped ; why should it



“be postponed?—Is it possible I can be more  
 “weary of the world than you are?—The blow  
 “that parts the soul from the body I should re-  
 “gard as most welcome; but my enemies have  
 “not mercy enough to strike it:—believe me,  
 “there is suffering far beyond dying—I feel  
 “there is.—Oh recall, I beseech you, not only  
 “your exhortations but your opinions—shew a  
 “new spirit is breathed into you—say you would  
 “reject me from your love could I for a mo-  
 “ment resolve to break my vow to Casimir—  
 “brave the fury of our adversaries; and let us  
 “meet in peace in eternity.”

The Baron shook his head in mournful silence,  
 as if insensible to all arguments but those for life.  
 The fortitude that had, while she spoke, ani-  
 mated her countenance, changed to pallid hor-  
 ror when she found her efforts vain. Again dis-  
 tracted, yet not doubting, unable to pronounce  
 the refusal that was the sentence of murder, and  
 equally resolute in the preservation of her inno-  
 cence, she remained in silent stupefaction.  
 Maximilian commanded the execution to pro-  
 ceed—the Baron shrunk with dread—Casimir,  
 exulting in the virtue of his wife, sprang towards  
 the spot of liberation.—Once more the Baron  
 spoke.—“Hear me, daughter,” said he—she  
 raised her eyes, naturally obedient to the call—  
 “it was not life,” said he, “I asked of you, it  
 “was space for repentance.—When my soul is  
 “denied admittance to the happy mansions of  
 “eternity, when it is exiled to the regions of  
 “eternal suffering, it will cry for vengeance on  
 “your cruelty.”

The blood in Ypsilanti's veins curdled with  
 horror.—She looked at Count Maximilian—she  
 conjured

conjured him to stop.—“Give me a few hours  
 “for deliberation,” said she; “agonized as I  
 “am, my reason is of no use to me—give me  
 “till to-morrow—let my father live undisturbed  
 “till then; and I will implore the wisdom of  
 “Heaven to instruct me in my duty.” The  
 Count yielded reluctantly; but he did yield:—  
 the prisoners were conveyed back to their  
 abodes; and Ypsilanti was left to the torturing  
 ruminations of her bosom.

## C H A P. XXXIII.

**T**HE exercise of her reason every moment more fully convinced her that she was best justified in preferring the preservation of her vow to the infringement of it. She considered her father as under a delusion of fear that he must wake from, even could she save him, to a state of misery incomparably superior to it. In this judgment her best affections confirmed her: when she looked forward to the alternative offered her, it was all horror and distraction, and that her father must die was her decision; but when she attempted to record this sentence only in her own heart, every fibre of it gave way, and she was as irresolute as before.

The day closed before peace had for a moment stretched her wing so much as in prospect. More harrassed than ever, she saw the night come on which was to be the last of her parent's life, or the last in which she dared to look to Casimir as her husband. She tried to sooth her perturbed sorrows by hope that the Baron's judgment of good and evil might, ere this, be corrected; but it was a change that reason could not warrant her expecting. In all the distraction of woe, not confident enough in herself to ask the approbation of her conscience, and fearing grievously that, however she racked herself in endeavouring



endeavouring to do right, she must be guilty and be wrong, she threw herself on the ground in an agitation not to be described or endured.

A heavy bell at a distance had warned her that day was approaching, and iced her blood with anticipating the horrors it brought with it. The summons well accorded with the gloom that surrounded her, and she listened, as if hoping the sound would steal her soul away—it was succeeded by a noise less in unison with the time. It was nearly over the spot she was lying on: it disturbed her; but it gave her no idea of its cause, till it approached so near her, and increased so much, that she could no longer disregard it. She imagined herself deceived as to the hour, and supposed she was called to the decision that was to complete her worldly misery.

The rushing in of a piercing wind perhaps averted the faintness that was overpowering her, but her senses, disordered by the conflict they had endured, were not now clear enough either to inspire curiosity or to form a right judgment without it. The noise continued—the wind blew—and she heard a gentle voice:—she fancied herself passed the ordeal trial prepared for her—she saw in idea her father bleeding under her obduracy—she saw Casimir rush to his fate—he looked encouragement and approbation at her; but she was not to be encouraged, for her heart denied its approbation—she was a murderer—she reproached herself with having decided erroneously—she tried to recall her father to existence—she fainted in her imaginary exertions.

Animation once more returning, and with it its whole train of accompanying miseries, she  
felt

felt herself rudely shaken. The concatenation of her ideas represented the hand that attempted to raise her as that of Count Maximilian—she resisted with all the force of her debility, and begged for leave to die.

The voice that answered her was not, in tone, that of him she supposed it—the words were not his ; for they were words of humanity and of mercy. She now fancied herself in a vision ; she prayed that her agonies might not be edged by the delusion of hope, and exerting her faculties to retain her recollection, she disregarded what she had heard and felt.

But again she was disturbed, and soon convinced of the reality of what she had deemed ideal. The voice repeated expressions of consolation ; the hand again attempted to rouse her—she raised her eyes—she saw the moon in full resplendence nearly over her head —“ I have  
“ reached the mansions of the blessed,” said she,  
“ my sorrows are past ; but where, oh where  
“ is my Casimir, and where my father ?—Did  
“ I condemn them to death ?”

“ Be calm and comforted, young lady,” replied a man she now faintly discovered standing by her ; “ I am sent by the Countess de Vringen to release you and place you in safety.  
“ Trust me, and do what I advise, and you shall  
“ escape from this place. Recollect yourself,  
“ and you will see I have come to you by breaking a way through the roof of your apartment. I have let myself down by this rope ;  
“ —take it ; and when I am ascended again by  
“ it, tie it fast round you : I will draw you up,  
“ and convey you to a neighbouring convent.”

The

The heart must be completely enveloped with wretchedness that is insensible to the blessing of liberty. At first the sound struck sweetly on her ear; the man in haste ascended, and she prepared to follow his directions; but the exertion necessary clearing her intellects, she recollected that she left her father and her husband to the mercy of their diabolical enemies. Her soul refused even liberation on such terms—she hesitated—she resolved to share their fate; and throwing away the rope, sunk again to the ground.

He who had offered her liberty wondered when, not daring to risque a word uttered at a distance, he tried the rope and found its weight not increased by hers:—he again descended—again roused and exhorted her.—“I will not leave my father or my husband,” was all the reply she could make.—“You shall not,” answered the man; “their security is provided for; they shall be released, or are by this time released, and you shall meet them at the convent.”

New strength was inspired into her limbs by these words of comfort—she stood on her feet—the man left her as he had done before—she forced her trembling fingers to make the rope fast round her; and as her deliverer had instructed her, holding it fast in her hands as she ascended, she was in a few moments on the roof of the apartments.

“You shall meet them at the convent,” were the words that gave wings to her feet. Her conductor led her to a corner of the buildings—they began in silence to descend a staircase, and lost sight



sight of their friendly luminary. An aperture in the wall again brought a few of her rays :— a door was before them—the man unlocked it— there was another at a small distance.—“ It will expedite us,” whispered her good genius, “ if, while I open that door before us, you hold this open ; the lock is not easy to find ; and if this is shut, we shall have no light.” Ypsilanti, not daring as much as he did, nodded obedience : the door was heavy and inclined to fall to ; she applied both hands to it, and found the task no more than she was equal to, till a violent gust of wind, forcing its way through the aperture in the wall, forced it out of her hand ; and it shut with a noise that resounded through the castle, separating her from her conductor. She fell backwards with sudden dread, and could not hear his encouraging words, who prepared himself instantly to release her. After a few seconds of astounded horror, hearing the key moving in the lock, she summoned the small remains of her strength, and again approached the door.—She stood in trembling expectation of its opening, and as she stood, was too well convinced the accident had roused some of the inhabitants of the castle.—She heard bells, voices, and at last feet near her. Her assistant was still trying at the lock, but the force with which it had caught had rendered the key of no power : he at length desisted, and convinced her that she was not to be released : yet in this situation she was not comfortless : “ My father and Casimir will be released,” said she, “ and for myself I care not.”

Supported by her fortitude, she retreated to the flight of stairs she had descended, and seating

ing herself there, awaited the fate she knew to be approaching. The alarm seemed to have spread throughout the castle, and that she was pursued was soon not to be doubted. She could distinctly hear voices above and beneath her; she heard people descending towards her, and again the lock of the door was tried, but the voice of him who tried it was not now that of her friendly deliverer, it was Count Maximilian, who, furious at the impediment he could not overcome, was giving directions for forcing the door.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

**A**FEW moments only intervened between her and all the horrors of her fate, when her reason yielding to the inborn principle of self-preservation, she involuntarily quitted her situation for a recess the departing light of the moon had pointed out : she, in looking round for shelter, had perceived that the flight of stairs occupying but about half the space of width in this irregular apartment, left a deep narrow passage running by the side of them ; into this she withdrew ; and had only time to recollect that it was a foolish endeavour to extend her existence for only a few moments, when at once she heard the door open, and those who had been over her head descend to the floor she was on. Disdaining the cowardly impulse she had yielded to, she was coming forward to meet her doom, when her eye catching another staircase, the natural love of life got the better of her reasoning on the folly of attempting to preserve it, and impelled by she knew not what, she took this new path.—

It brought her into a square apartment, lighted by such an undefended window as she had seen above : she went towards it, saw the country indistinctly, and the height from the ground not being very great, she resolved at least to seek  
a moment's



a moment's liberation by throwing herself down from it.

She was on the point of escaping thus, when she heard a deep groan. It came from the opposite corner of the room: she looked round and saw a man lying there—horror chilled and stopped her—a second groan, followed by the words *O my daughter!* roused her and informed her it was her wretched father. Forgetting every concern for herself, she went towards him, knelt by him, was convinced her ear had not deceived her, and speaking to him, tried to recall him from the state of oblivion he seemed immersing into. He knew her, had just strength enough to tell her he died in an attempt to escape, and giving her his blessing, expired.

His last sigh seemed to have borne with it all that remained of her existence: she sunk on the lifeless corpse almost as lifeless. In this situation she was found by those in quest of her, and carried back to an apartment adjoining that she had occupied. A delirium that made it dangerous for any one to approach her, succeeded this violent shock, and obtained her the privilege of recovering from it alone. After some hours she grew calm, and Maximilian's impatience to see what change despair had wrought in her was not to be longer repressed. Informed by the man posted at her door that her turbulence had ceased, he visited her, and encouraged by finding her only in a state of the weakest debility, he now tried to win her by the soothing accents of consolation.

But instantly as she was aware of his presence, though her reason stood firm, the temper of her mind

mind became as much his opponent as her frenzy had been. When he reminded her of the alternative he had offered her, she could answer, "Be gone, cruel wretch, I have now no father to preserve by cowardly submission—I defy your violence; for I am dying, and you cannot hinder my following him."

Indignation now gave Maximilian's passion the entire victory over every sentiment that ought to have restrained him. He seized his victim, and seemed at a loss for words to express the excess of his rage, when he was alarmed by a violent knocking at the door, and a confused cry that the other prisoner was not to be found.

Revenge had again the mastery; and having locked Ypsilanti in, he went in quest of Casimir, who had, no one knew how, made his escape. The words that had called her tyrant away had given new life to her. In Casimir's safety she forgot every idea of personal danger; but the improbability of his succeeding when she had so failed, again dispirited her, and her thoughts resumed the subject of her deceased parent.

Excepting the attendant whose care it was to preserve her from positive starving, she saw no one that day. She passed it in the gloomiest dejection, almost wishing Count Maximilian with her that he might not pursue him she loved.

The night shut in, and horror took the place of tranquil melancholy in her mind: her father's fate Casimir's probable fate, and that she could not but expect, were present to her view, in all the appalling terrors that cruelty could devise,  
and

and overcome by them, she felt her spirit departing, and welcomed what she believed the stroke of death. When she revived from this torpor of her faculties, she was utterly at a loss to account for what she felt: she could see nothing; but her awakening senses informed her some one was endeavouring to raise her from the supine posture she had been in. Too weak to resist, even though Maximilian was the first object of her recollection, she only breathed a sigh. It was answered by the voice of the man who had before failed in his attempts to assist her: he spoke words of comfort to her—he assured her that could she but exert herself to second his endeavours, he had yet in his power the means of her safety.—The moon was rising, and he directed her to look towards the window of her apartment, which he had forced on the outside, and through which he would convey her.—“But my father, my father; and where is Casimir?” replied she, confusedly recollecting them.—“Your father,” said the man, tenderly, “needs nothing from you now; and your other fellow prisoner, there is every reason to believe, has made his escape. The Countess conjures you, for her sake, to endeavour at saving yourself, and will do all in my power to restore you to him you call your husband.”

Words such as these, the gentle accent they were framed in, the mention of the Countess, and the hope of again seeing Casimir, infused supernatural strength into Ypsilanti; but it soon proved itself more strength of mind than body. With a degree of difficulty that would have  
made



made a less zealous servant despair every instant, he raised his almost powerless charge to the open window, dragged her through it, and descended down a ladder, by which he had entered, with her in his arms.. It was to the scaffold erected for her father and Casimir that she owed the means of retreat. He reached the ground in safety with her, but was forced to spend some minutes in waiting for freedom of respiration, which the violent exertion had deprived her of.

He led her across the quadrangle, and a gentle tap at a door opposite to them, procured it to be immediately opened. A woman received her: her guide begged for something to revive her sinking spirits—it was at hand—hope reanimated her, and, with gratitude that her languid features alone could express, she hastened from this new friend, almost borne from the ground by the assiduous kindness of her companion.

The moon-befriending them, they struck immediately into that path of the forest where a chaise had been appointed to wait the coming of the fugitive. It was still there, but its driver, wearied with his former labours or with expectation, was not with it. Ypsilanti's companion saw but one way to repair this misfortune: he must first put her in the chaise and then take the driver's place himself.—He was comforting her with the expedient, and just in the act of helping her in, when the sound of approaching horsemen alarmed them. Faith itself could not have dismissed the fear that they were pursued: the man, convinced of it, gave himself and the object of his protection for lost; yet still determined, though his voluntary aid was a mined

mined that nothing should be wanting on his part, he employed the only minute intervening in placing her on the shadowed side of a large tree, and himself behind her, so as at least to form a temporary shield to her person. The few words he had time to utter were those of confident assurance that she was perfectly safe if she was perfectly still ; but the confidence which he would have inspired into her, he wanted himself ; for he could now distinguish the voices of some of the horsemen : he heard those of Count Herman and his brother—Ypsilanti was the object they were in quest of ; and they seemed sure of overtaking her.

They advanced towards the important tree. —Those it sheltered were still as the grave. —The horses in the chaise, however, proved a security that this venerable inhabitant of the forest could not have been ; they, alarmed at the trampling behind them, betook themselves to flight ; and just at the moment when the party seemed inclined to halt and search they set off on so furious a gallop that no doubt was entertained by the Counts and their followers that the chaise was the only subject worthy their attention. They pursued it with speed that accelerated the pace of the terrified horses ; they were soon out of sight and hearing ; and so entirely were they drawn from their track, that weak and enfeebled as was Ypsilanti by this addition to her distresses, she in about three hours reached the convent gate in safety.

Her

Her admission had been prepared for and was immediately obtained. She was kindly welcomed by the abbess, and conducted to the rest she stood so much in need of.

Here let us leave her to recover herself, and look towards the fate of Casimir.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XXXV.

**P**ERHAPS Count Maximilian wished to get rid of this more troublesome prisoner without doing an act that must for ever make the mind of Ypsilanti revolt from him : perhaps he thought it bad policy to imbrue his hands in the blood of her husband whom he meant to woo to his embraces. Candour can hardly stretch its merciful credulity so far as to suppose it was an aversion to cruel extremities that restrained him. Be it as it may, he had removed Casimir from his former place of confinement to one that offered the tempting liberation of a deep well. This he often contemplated with attention ; but though he saw and considered the allurement it held out, his spirit was yet too manly to accept the relief of a coward, and in a very few hours he beheld the well and its attractions with indifference. The want of every other subject of attention converted this abyss into something like amusement and a companion : compelling his thoughts to turn from contemplations that his brain could not bear, he spent great part of his leisure in watching the vicissitudes of the well : the water was sometimes nearly up to the edge, at other times very low ; and so much are trifling circumstances magnified by our having none of importance to remark on, that he frequently hastened

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his

his meal or started suddenly from his confused and melancholy slumber to see what alteration the lapse of a quarter of an hour had made in his companion.

As he perceived that the water now constantly receded, and was so low as not to throw any reflection from its surface; rough steps were hewn in the sides of the well; and natural agility aiding curiosity, he felt a wish to explore this aquatic dungeon: he easily let himself down by his hands to the first step; from thence he gained the second, and was presently near the surface of the water, when he perceived something resembling a small door in the rugged wall: he was curious to discover its use. Pushing against it, he found it resist forcibly; and was quitting it when he fancied it moved—a farther trial convinced him it opened inwards; he felt for something to lay hold on—a small ring presenting itself he pulled at it, and the rustling air informed him that this must be a valve which a current of water, now deficient, opened at other times, and through which the well was supplied.

Giving himself up entirely to the indulgence of his curiosity, he held the valve open, and placing himself on his hands and knees, passed through it, and found himself in a long arched passage which did not admit of any posture but that he was in. A gentle winding brought him to the end of it and the broad glare of a noontide sun; he stood on his feet, saw before him a small piece of water, now much below the surface of the earth. Looking round, he perceived he was surrounded by the forest: he hailed the approach of sweet liberty, and but for the

name

name of Ypsilanti, which was indelibly engraven on his heart, it would have bounded at the cheering prospect.

Unguided by any thing, he took one of many paths before him, and looking back, saw he was at the distance of about a furlong from the castle: his steps were arrested by the consideration that what alone rendered liberty of value to him was either imprisoned or buried within those walls. The reflection unnerved him, and he felt reluctant to quitting the sight of this mansion of horror, till reproving himself for pusillanimous despondency, he turned his thoughts towards making some exertions: it occurred to him as not quite impossible that he might, by diligence and activity, excite the neighbouring country against his oppressors; and revolving a wild scheme in his distempered imagination, he resolved to walk on in quest of a habitation, where he might at least get satisfaction on some points previously necessary.

The sun was down before he had seen any traces of human society, and night coming on, he began to look round for some place to pass it in: his tired limbs demanding rest while his fainting powers still urged him and forbade him to seek a little farther for food. He was making towards a part of the forest where the trees promised the best shelter, when he heard the confused sounds of horses and voices: he stopped, and feeling his situation such as would make any alteration an improvement, he turned towards the quarter whence the sounds had proceeded.

L 2

He



He could scarcely distinguish objects when four men came up to him: they answered the call by which he hoped to gain attention; and after some peremptory interrogatories, discovered their intentions to be hostile, and their trade plunder, by rudely searching him. But Casimir possessed a security against depredation which nothing could deprive him of; the privilege of wretchedness was his, and he escaped without loss because he had nothing to lose. The men, as if softened by the desolate circumstances in which they had found him, began to use words less ferocious, and hearing from him that he was a fugitive, a wanderer, and a beggar, they gave him some little relief for his hunger and then conducted him to their abode.

Resistance would have been vain had his fears operated against his compliance; but he who has nothing but his life to lose, seldom sets much store by that last possession, and he felt no reluctance to accompany persons whom he could not doubt to be the enemies of their species.

They soon reached a narrow valley between two hills; and this was the head-quarters of the robbers. The place had nothing of the features of a dwelling, except a kind of roof formed by branches of trees, and suspended on each side by the jutting of the hills: the length of the apartment was ascertained in the same manner, and the conveniences within corresponded with the external appearance, and indicated that its inhabitants were not stationary.

Those who had seized Casimir, related to the rest of their companions, who were about as many in number, the situation he had been found in. They manifested no ill will towards him

him. Perhaps, seeing that the world had been cruel to him, they supposed him of course inimical to mankind, and by consequence of a spirit congenial to theirs. Whatever were their opinions, he suffered nothing by them: they invited him to partake of their supper, and then inquired what chance had thrown him in their way.

He had scarcely mentioned his confinement in, and escape from, the castle, when their voices and actions all declared them his friends; they were no other than the banditti the two Counts had procured as an escort to their prisoners, and they had been converted into furious enemies of those they had served, by a refusal to comply with their demands of recompense.

In untaught minds there is no such bond as fellow suffering, no purpose that so strictly cements union as revenge. — The robbers no sooner learnt that Casimir was oppressed by their oppressors than they reckoned on him as an active addition to their number, and new hatred seemed infused into them by this encouragement; but he soon gave them to understand that he was more disposed to submission than to criminal revenge, and that his views would be directed more towards the release of those he supposed the remaining prisoners than to the indulgence of private animosity.

The attempt was instantly condemned, as well it might be, for impracticably romantic. The robbers declared their purpose in taking up their abode where they were, was to waylay Count Herman or his brother and to compel them to satisfy their demands, the enormity of which convinced Casimir, that any one who cared for the

events of this world had as much to fear from the outrageous rapacity of his new friends as from the vindictive spirit of his ancient enemies.

The night, even under all its disadvantageous circumstances, having procured him rest and a renewal of strength, he, as soon as he could discern the horrors of the den he had sheltered in, began to meditate a retreat from its inhabitants. It was a thing naturally to be wished for, and easily effected in idea, but utterly impossible in reality, unless the tempers of his hosts concurred with his inclination, and this he soon perceived was not the case : he by consequence was their prisoner.

As if to break him gently to a course of life they meant he should adopt, they forced him to accompany them in their morning's excursion. Nothing occurred to aggravate the misery of his situation : chance had brought no one to that sequestered part of the forest, and the human species that day escaped.

The hope of finding some means of retreat, kindled in Casimir's mind, as soon as the despondency of his companions taught him to believe the day would pass guiltless, and the next morning he accompanied them less reluctantly than before. In consultation at their return home the preceding evening, they had resolved to divide in their next sally, and it was agreed that a party of three should be detached without Casimir, another of the same number with him, and the remainder keep watch over their savage property.

The former expedition had been made on foot for the sake of recruiting their wearied horses. That of this day was on horseback. Casimir was well mounted, by favour of one of those who remained



remained at home, and hoped, as this mode of scouring the country would enlarge his knowledge of it, that he might discover some path, or meet with some accident favourable to his second emancipation. The morning was threatening, and fulfilled its gloomy prediction by a heavy and incessant rain. The robbers feeling themselves thoroughly drenched, bent their course towards home to prevent damage to their fire-arms, and Casimir was just sinking with despair at the idea of passing another night with such miscreants when other fears assailed him. A traveller, attended by one servant, came up on horseback, and the weather rendering him only intent on expedition, he was surrounded almost before he was aware of being seen.

Every consideration that had urged the banditti to withdraw from the inclemency of the weather gave way as soon as their greediness was roused. Casimir, unwilling to behold violence, and perhaps bloodshed, stood aloof; and a rapid thought darted through his mind that this was a moment favourable to his escape. Perhaps the robbers, aware of what must pass in his mind, thought so too; or more probably judging of others by themselves, they were apprehensive he might depart with the horse. One of them therefore, leaving the traveller to the other two, came up to him and drew him forward. They were convinced, before he suspected it, that the unfortunate man they had seized was no other than Count Maximilian.

Their language to him soon informed Casimir of this important circumstance; but revenge had such slippery footing in his heart, that still general pity for any one in such a predicament

was the stronger emotion in his mind. The Count had offered all he carried about him to get free ; but this was to no purpose : their demands were enormous in themselves, and rage hadso operated on their tempers, that they seemed now almost to have forgotten what it was they required, and to be bent only on the most atrocious revenge. Casimir could not be passive when he saw injustice inflicted, though on his bitterest enemy, and something (what could it be ?) taught his heart to melt with pity for a man against whom his utmost fury of resentment might have been let loose without much criminality.

The robbers had in their parley confessed that all they stipulated for when they undertook the journey into Italy had been paid ; their demands were therefore unfounded, and to have yielded to them would have been, under circumstances of less oppression, cowardice. A generous thought instantly sprang up in its native soil, the bosom of Casimir. Count Maximilian was armed, his servant was armed ; and they prepared to defend themselves : the ammunition the robbers had with them their consternation shewed to be much injured by the rain. Here was something that brought them nearly on a level. While two of them were with one eye examining their pistols and with the other watching their prey, the other held the bridles of the Count's and his servant's horses. For the chance of being understood, and only by him he spoke to Casimir, riding up to the Count, as if in aid of the robbers, asked him in French if he was capable of acknowledging a friendly action. He replied in such terms as confirmed Casimir's intentions

tentions; who instantly siding with him, and seizing one of the servant's pistols, inspired courage into him: he now set himself in a posture of defence; and the robbers finding their weapons useless, and the fury of their new assailants such as threatened rather to make them captives than victors, drew off, and left Casimir to the mercy or vengeance of his declared and befriended enemy.

From the less amiable of these attributes he was soon assured, as far as sentiments of gratitude could assure him, he had nothing to fear. Maximilian had recognised him, and now in the most explicit terms expressed his sorrow for the excess to which family injuries had hurried him, informed him of Ypsilanti's escape and her father's death, and promised, with the utmost contrition, to atone for the past by the future. He undertook to allay the hatred of his father and brother, by the recital of Casimir's uncommonly generous conduct. In short, there was nothing that could impress his hearer with an idea that, however culpable he had been, he was now become penitent and virtuous, that he left unsaid, nor could his sincerity be doubted by one who felt in due force the ties of honour and the sacredness of promises.

As it would have been to no purpose that he predicted peace to Casimir unless he put him in a way to find Ypsilanti, of whose retreat he ingenuously professed himself ignorant, and as he would not ask such implicit and unmerited confidence as that he should return at all hazards to the castle with him, he advised Casimir to wait at a village about two miles from it, whither he would send him intelligence of the progress he



made in his pacific scheme and his inquiries for Ypsilanti. This was agreed to, and Casimir, who, destitute as he was, abhorred the idea of availing himself of another's property, before they quitted the forest for the little town, turned his horse loose and entered it on foot.

The Count conducted him to a house rather above the ordinary rank of the buildings in view, and strictly ordering every possible attention to be paid him, and all his orders to be obeyed, he left him, with expressions of the deepest gratitude and most friendly cordiality.

But one night was the utmost duration of this delusion; and from that night all repose was chased by his incessant rumination on her whom he could scarcely call his wife, yet would not call aught else. His hopes however predominating, and no suspicion of his new friend's sincerity having found admission into his heart, the state of his spirits, though tumultuous, was not wretched. It was scarcely light the next morning when he was undeceived. Perhaps Count Maximilian could not face him after so outrageous a violation of faith. His elder brother came, accompanied by four men, who forcibly compelled him to rise, mount a horse brought for him, and depart with them, the people of the house acquiescing in a manner that shewed them rather the slaves of this iron-hearted family than participants in their guilt.

The miserable, too credulous Casimir had not recovered from the stupor this revolution of his hopes had thrown him into, when they reached the horrible castle. He was conducted to a cell of triumphant misery; darkness, dampness, and all that defies human nature to make head against  
misfortune,

misfortune, were its inmates ; but still from these circumstances there was comfort to be extracted, for who could be long the tenant of such an abode.

Disdaining to complain, and feeling himself, even in this abyss of misery, a being infinitely freer than his persecutors, he entered, and stretched himself on the humid ground in the silence of a great mind. He was left to the indulgence of his own thoughts, which were abundantly occupied with reflecting on the consummate hypocrisy of Count Maximilian.

## CHAP. XXXVL

**I**N the mean time Ypsilanti was in safety, though far from peace. Humanity and consolation could do nothing for her comfort that was omitted at the convent; but she had descended too far into the vale of sorrow to be recalled by hope or cheered by the voice of kindness. The distresses of her mind had harrassed her frame; and she felt, not reluctantly felt, that the convent which had been her shelter would prove that still more tranquil retreat, her tomb.

She had communicated to the abbess as much of her distresses as was necessary to informing her who she harboured, and why she sought her protection. The old lady had, by a long course of pious retirement, excluded from her bosom all earthly solicitude, but she still retained strong sensibility to others' woes, and she preached submission and fortitude to her wretched charge in language that shewed her neither a stranger nor an enemy to the keen sensations of youth under misfortune.

The Countess, who had, with an affection so truly laudable, effected a rescue of her niece from her husband's tyranny, failed not to inform Ypsilanti of Casimir's escape; but she was too far gone in despondency to see any thing exhilarating in the blessing: she knew his destitute situation; and the only difference his quitting the



the castle could make was that between a condemned prisoner and a starving wanderer.

Religion and the certainty of emancipation from a life that, to her, had produced little but aggravations of distress, were her supports; and these the pious abbess improved to the utmost in every interview with her. The sisters were equally assiduous in their endeavours to calm her sorrows, and if to have partners in affliction is any alleviation of it, she might have found comfort; for a short intimacy with this religious society inclined her to believe a convent the resort only of disappointment and misery. Each had a sad tale to tell—it was thwarted or slighted love—it was the rapacity of a guardian or the ambition of a father—it was a mother's indiscretion or a brother's cruelty that had forced them to take shelter at the altar of piety.

Restrained from all hope by the privation of every outlet from wretchedness, and stimulated by despair to seek peace in the renunciation of every good the deluding world had flattered her with possessing, Ypsilanti began to revolve into her mind a thought that was destruction to every spark of Casimir's remaining hopes. Earnest only for the attainment of religious peace, and convinced that, even if she erred, her error must soon cease with her life, she began to turn her eyes towards a monastic profession. At the first intrusion of this idea, she dismissed it as an infringement of Casimir's claim on her; and though she had no hope of his existing ever to demand her, it was unjust to render it impossible.

But still the veil and its attendant peace struck frequently on her fancy, and every succeeding attack was less easily repulsed than the former.

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The sisters, charmed with their new guest, aided her wishes by their's, but the abbess did not second them. She could give the mourner no encouragement founded on hope, yet she exhorted her to preserve herself in a state capable of embracing fortune should she change her aspect. Ypsilanti acquiesced in silence on a principle of respect to authority; but neither her opinions nor her wishes were in the least altered.

The news she in a few days received from the castle tended to strengthen this propensity, and to diminish the opposition made to it. The Countess, now entirely thwarted in her hopes of bringing Casimir and her niece together, thought it prudent, by informing her of the worst that had befallen him, to prepare her mind for a fate that she deemed inevitable. She therefore wrote to her as perfect an account as she could obtain of his return to the castle, and added that she had no doubt that it was her husband's fixed resolution that he should end his life where he then was. To this calamitous news she added whatever consolation the kindest affection and the best regulated judgment could offer; and when Ypsilanti had finished the perusal of her letter, she felt a warm glow at her heart, excited by the certainty that ere long her own troubles, and those of him who was still dearer than herself, would be exchanged for a full remuneration of happiness.

Nothing now, except that Casimir was not known to be dead when the Countess wrote, could be urged against the design that was strengthening in her mind, and she fully avowed it, and pleaded for its indulgence. The abbess,

as if by experience acquainted with the versatility of all this world's concerns, was still reluctant ; but Ypsilanti's earnestness at length overcoming her objections, she yielded, and promised that the forms of a noviciate should be dispensed with and she admitted a member of the community in less than a week.

From the moment of obtaining this permission she anticipated its completion, and considering herself as already a nun, busied herself in the religious exercises and household duties of those she was to be so soon united to. In proportion as she felt herself declining towards the grave, she felt that part of her over which it has no power, as it were, ascending into heaven. To take the veil was, in her idea, to embark in the fittest track for the country whither her spirit seemed to have flown before her ; and she counted the passing hours and the heavy clock with all the eagerness of youth impatient for festivity.

She wrote to the Countess informing her of her intention, and received an answer encouraging her to perseverance. She could give her no account of Casimir ; but advised her to consider him, as she feared she might do without danger of erring, as no more. She expressed herself pleased with the idea of retaining her so near her, and indulged in a very natural wish that she could follow her example.

Ypsilanti had now nearly reached the confines of this land of promise. One night only was to intervene before the ceremony that fixed her destiny. She retired to her rest in sober joy ; but sleep had now become habitually a stranger to her ; and feeling none of its influence, she was lying in watchful expectation of the morning



ing when the ringing of the bell at the convent gate disturbed her quiet and alarmed her. It had not rung at an hour so unseasonable since she had taken up her abode there ; nor did she know whether it was usual or extraordinary.—It rung again : the terrific castle, her revengeful relations, imprisonment, horror, and all that she had suffered, arrayed itself before her eyes : the sanctity of the walls that enclosed her would, she feared, be no protection against those who by their conduct had shewn their defiance of all laws divine and human. Her fears had just time to muster when the bell rang more violently than before : an universal tremour seized her, and she had neither power to rise nor to lie still.

Presently she found the sisters were in motion, and the sound of approaching feet and voices terrified her still more by convincing her, that whoever it was that had occasioned the disturbance, was coming towards her. She heard deep groans, as of one in the extremity of suffering, but could not determine by them whether it was man or woman that uttered them. The feet, the voices, and the groans, passed her chamber, and she grew less perturbed. In that adjoining her's, she now heard the same noises, and her fears subsiding, her compassion rose : she was convinced it was a female that uttered these dismal sounds : the nuns were still about her ; and Ypsilanti, desirous of assisting if possible, to alleviate the unintelligible distress, rose and went to the next room.

She learnt that the disturber of their repose was a young woman who seemed dying of fatigue, and whose strength had only just served her

her to gain the convent. She had come alone, and begged admission for the night ; but from every attendant circumstance it was to be inferred that she had not many hours to live.

The tears which had long ceased to flow from Ypsilanti's eyes at the recollection of her own superior misfortunes, were not to be restrained when called forth by those of a fellow creature. She took a lamp in her hand, and bending over the unhappy wanderer, strove to discover what gave occasion to her groans. Her countenance was that of one emaciated by previous suffering; and death sat on it in his most terrific frown: her deep hollow voice bespoke inward decay, and when cordials had been administered to her, it was judged the only act of humanity she was capable of receiving to let her breathe her last in quiet.

The scene accorded with Ypsilanti's disposition of mind; she saw one whom distress had in an instant rendered an object of her tenderest pity, about to renounce the world by giving up her existence. She herself on the next morning was to renounce it by giving up her chance for being again reinstated in the delusive situation once held out to her: she looked still farther than this renunciation; she considered it as only preparatory to that by which she should enter on another world, and as when setting out even on a common journey we are gratified by seeing others pass before us, she felt a strong disinclination to quitting this stranger who was treading the path she longed to enter on.

At her earnest request she was permitted to remain in the chamber of death; but her wishes to enjoy the scene alone would not prevail on the

the sisters to leave her. About break of day, the wretched young woman grew quieter; and various duties calling the nuns, two only of them staid. Ypsilanti wished the subject of their pious care to point out what would relieve her: she went to her bedside again, and in a low voice and the kindest accents inquired what more could be done for her—"Good Heavens!" replied the stranger, starting up—"sure you must be—" "I am sure you are—it is your voice I am certain."—Exhausted by this sudden emotion, she fell backward. Ypsilanti was left in painful suspense and wonder; and all present doubted whether the violent exertion had not precluded all hopes of her living to gratify the curiosity she had in a moment expressed.

She however recovered, and faintly begged to see the person who had spoken to her. Ypsilanti drew near her with the lamp in her hand. The stranger had the advantage of her, for she seemed perfectly to recollect her, but Ypsilanti's utmost pains could trace nothing in her features that she could call to mind, and the depth from which she drew her voice took off from it every characteristic it might have been known by.

As if the discovery that amongst these hospitable nuns she had a friend, had given the stranger new animation, she strove to improve her revived acquaintance by conversation. She first desired to be left alone with Ypsilanti, and then instantly declared herself to be Rhodolpha Lusinguen, on whose depraved mind severe misfortune had operated to the best purpose. She expressed penitence, beyond what Ypsilanti could have supposed her errors demanded; and seemed disposed



disposed to think all her many sufferings atoned for by the happiness of seeing once more her whom her arts had often injured, and to whom she now made a full and most astonishing declaration of all her deviations.

She had followed Mr. Sorby to England, and being there reduced to the most pitiable distress, had prevailed on him to furnish her with money to bear her expences into Germany. He had been liberal to her, and she foolishly confiding in her own powers and claims, had directed her course towards Vringen with a mad intention of persuading or compelling Count Herman to consider her as his wife. On the road she had fallen sick, and at the castle had received the cruellest repulse.—With the utmost difficulty she had gained the convent, and here sinking under misfortunes which her own folly had deprived her of all means of supporting with patience, she was come to expire.—She had scarcely uttered the last words of her narrative, when, throwing herself into the arms of Ypsilanti, she ended her miserable life in a deep groan, and the two bodies, almost equally inanimate, sunk together on her bed.

Ypsilanti was found by the impatient excluded nuns in this posture, and removed from it before she was brought to her recollection. The shock her spirits had received made it necessary to postpone the ceremonies of the day; but such was her eagerness to enter on the life she had chosen, that she exerted herself to recover when nothing else could have been an inducement, and in three days was again ready.

Perhaps

Perhaps her keen perception of the misery of wretched Rhodolpha was a further simplification; it certainly convinced her still more fully that the world is not a region which peace can inhabit.

She had followed Mr. Sordy to England, and being there reduced to the most pitiable distress, had prevailed on him to furnish her with money to bear her expenses into Germany. He had been liberal to her, and the foolish confidence in her two powers and claims, had induced her to count towards Vienna with a mad intention of persuading or compelling Count Hirsman to consider her as his wife. On the road she had fallen sick, and at the castle had received the cruellest repulse.—With the utmost difficulty she had gained the convent, and here, sinking under misfortunes which her own folly had deprived her of all means of supporting with patience, she was come to expire.—She had scarcely uttered the last words of her narrative, when, throwing herself into the arms of Rhodolpha, she ended her miserable life in a deep groan, and the two bodies, almost equally insensible, lay together on her bed.

Xenia was found by the impatient exclusion of arms in this posture, and removed from it before she was capable of her recollection. She stood for some time, received much in her countenance the expression of the rage, but she was her wonted calmness to enter on the subject. She had checked, that she excited herself to recollect, when she could have been an instrument, and in this way was again con-

CHAP.

Perhaps

## CHAP. XXXVII.

**T**HE last duties were performed over the body of Rhodolpha Lusinguen, and on the following day her still more harried friend was to take the veil. She needed nothing to remind her; she anticipated day-break; and in a state of mind most enviably tranquil, and such as shewed that the worst of sublunary evils may be borne when not intermixed with moral evil in the sufferer, she repaired in the usual form to the scene of consecration. But she was not yet admitted to the monastic privilege: her relation to the world was not yet cut off when a violent tumult was heard on all sides; the chapel doors were rudely forced open, and from every access entered men whose actions and countenances declared the most hostile intentions and the most determined resolution. They had a leader who instantly on perceiving the sacred features of the place he had broken into, stopped them, and by retreating some paces shewed that their violence was no defiance to religion or decency; but who this leader was, or what the errand of his attendants, Ypsilanti was not alive enough even to wish to know, for the confusion had overcome her, and she had fainted on the steps of the altar.

The lady abbess having committed her to the care of the nuns, left her place; and in all the dignity of offended holiness, went forward to learn



learn the cause of this sacrilegious violation. He who had the authority answered her queries with a degree of sorrow for his offence and of submission to her character that soon appeased her: he dismissed his followers to the outside of the convent, and then retired with the abbess to satisfy her doubts.

Ypsilanti had been attended with care and recovered; and soon after she regained her faculties the abbess came to her, and tried to calm her remaining perturbation by the most comfortable assurances that she had nothing to fear. As if she supposed she should be out of the reach of farther molestation when once her vows were compleated, she requested to be caried back to the chapel; but in this she was not indulged: the abbess objected that the ceremony, as having been interrupted, must be gone through entirely again, and that at least it must be postponed till the next day.

Stung to the heart by this refusal, and dreading what fresh misery this delay might produce, she, regardless of the presence of those around her, rising from the seat she had been placed in, threw herself on her knees in the middle of the apartment and there raising her eyes and hands in agony to heaven, she was on the point of uttering those vows that she would never have revoked, when the door which had been left ajar, opened, and she felt herself embraced by a stranger who raised her in silence from the ground.

The previous sensations of her mind rendered this now an offence that called forth all her indignation and turning to express in the face of the intruder her resentment of it, she found herself in the arms of Casimir Lusingen.

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Any thing was more credible than this astonishing reality: the idea that first entered the disordered fancy of Ypsilanti was, that Heaven had seen and pitied her distress, and that he alone, to whom she had looked for support, had by an extraordinary exertion of omnipotence, in an instant removed her from the world of sorrow she had been toiling through, and placed her in the realms of bliss; for there and there alone could she expect to meet her beloved Casimir.

Her spirits again sunk under the overpowering idea; and even when all her powers were forsaking her, striving to cling to Casimir, she suffered a correction of her judgment by the suspension of her faculties.

Returning to life, the circumstances with which she was surrounded had more the appearance of substantial truth than she at first had allowed them. The abbess's exhortative voice recalled her to her perfect recollection; but still that it was Casimir not only in spirit but in person, who still supported and fondly watched her, was beyond the stretch of her faith. He spoke:—she started as if speech had been a gift she thought him not possessed of.—“Perhaps I dream,” said she—“sure, sure, in this world I cannot be happy—you cannot be indeed my Casimir”  
“Lusinguen.

“But such I am indeed,” replied he; and if  
“your senses would bear it, could remove all  
“your doubts by telling you how strangely and  
“how greatly Providence has interposed in our  
“behalf.—But this I must defer for your immediate presence is required at the castle, and  
“I must remove you hence.”—“O do not  
“name the horrid castle,” cried Ypsilanti—are  
“you

“you too one of my enemies that would bury me in that scene of horror?”

“It is no longer a scene of horror to you,” said Casimir—“the Count’s banditti, who assisted in bringing us thither, enraged by the disappointment of their avarice, have assembled all their gangs, forcibly entered the castle, and made themselves masters of it. In the defence your uncle and cousins have been taught repentance.—He begs to see you—trust me for your safety, and do not lose a moment in returning.—When you see your uncle, you will be convinced that the smallest delay would be cruelty in the extreme.”

Ypsilanti rose to obey; but too weak to stand, was borne to a carriage which waited for her—the abbess testifying the utmost joy at her amended prospect, the nuns regretting the departure of their lovely sister, and perhaps many a bosom in which love had rioted with all the fury of usurpation, heaving a sigh to the memory of extinct hopes.

In their way to Vringen Casimir, detailed to his companion as coherently as his rapture at recovering her would permit, what change she would find at the castle. Her cousin Count Herman had been killed in opposing the banditti; her uncle was so wounded that his life was despaired of; and Maximilian, in a transport of fury when he saw himself a prisoner, had discharged a pistol into his own bosom and died instantly. The Count de Vringen had professed himself deeply impressed with the guilt he had been involved in; he had sent for his wife, and she was with him when Casimir set out in obedience to his orders to seek Ypsilanti.

On



On entering the castle she who had suffered most from its cruel inhabitants, felt most keenly, not the triumph of victorious virtue, but sorrow for the severe punishments her aggressors had met with. The justice of these inflictions added to their severity; for to whom could a sudden removal from a world they had so abused be a more severe punishment than to Count Herman and Count Maximilian?

The wounded Count was alive when Casimir led Ypsilanti to his chamber; and he was likely to continue so for some time, though not to recover. The Countess was sitting on his bed; and the joy her niece felt at seeing again one to whose exertions she had owed first the alleviation of her misery and then her existence, almost overpowered her. It drew her attention entirely from her, uncle, whose hand was extended to receive her to reconciliation.

The Countess presented her to him. He attempted to speak, but she was a subject in which his remorse was too nearly concerned to be thought on with any degree of composure. In accents that were daggers to her tender feelings, he implored her forgiveness: her animosity, if aught of it now remained, instantly vanished, and any thing this revolution had flattered her with possessing, excepting the happiness of being restored to Casimir, she would at this moment have purchased peace for the unhappy cause of all her sorrows.

All the attention the Countess could withdraw from her husband she, at his intreaty, bestowed on Casimir and Ypsilanti; and their situation now, could the memory of past suffering and sympathy for the Count have been repressed,

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might be deemed happy. Yet still there was a weight of uneasiness on Lusinguen's mind : his father was ignorant of his fate. He had mentioned his distress to the Countess ; and she had in a few hours tried to prevail on her husband to suffer Casimir to set out for Italy ; but though he admitted the reasonableness of the request, and was disposed to gratify him, he could not prevail on himself to part with what he considered as consolation, the sight of the two persons whom he was endeavouring to make happy. It was therefore agreed that Dr. Buler should be requested to come to Vringen, and that the charge of informing Colonel Lusinguen of what had passed should be committed to him. To this the Count readily consented, and added to it a very earnest invitation to the Colonel to return with Dr. Buler to Vringen.

There was something peculiar in the attention the Countess bestowed on Casimir : she frequently distressed him by the fixed regard with which she gazed on him. Though this was the first occasion of their meeting, she behaved to him neither with the distance usual between persons not intimate, nor with the indifference that might have been expected from a woman whose mind was so pre-occupied by misfortune, and the horror of whose situation, as a wife and a mother, were at this moment such as would have driven many to distraction. It was easy to perceive that all the sufferers, even those whom their own evil deeds had punished, had her pity ; and she was not wanting in the most minute attention to the Count but she appeared entirely devoid of affection towards these natural objects of it, and to rest the whole of her tenderness on Casimir and Ypsilanti.

Nor were her looks less distressing than her words. Her questions to Casimir were such as implied an extraordinary degree rather of ill-bred inquisitiveness than reasonable curiosity. She interrogated him on many points where he was nearly and often totally ignorant. She would know his pedigree, the place of his birth, and particularly who his mother was; but his father's early sorrows had kept him silent, and Casimir could take up the the history of his existence no higher than the extent of his own memory. She next, looking at him with the most embarrassing earnestness, asked if he was reckoned like his father or mother: he could say he believed himself to resemble his father. She would have a description of Colonel Lusingen's person: she was immeasurably curious; and when she had obtained all the information that her interrogatories could fetch out, she would turn away with strange emotions, and after a short pause begin again.

Much as Lusingen was impressed in favour of one so nearly related to his wife, and who had exercised so much benevolence towards her in distress, he could not but abate of his good opinion when he saw the oddity of her deportment, and before Dr. Buler arrived, it was such as made him uneasy whenever chance or rather her pretexts brought them together. The idea that the Countess had conceived an unwarrantable passion for him was too absurd to be harboured for a moment when he adverted to his own situation, nor did the general tenor of her conduct quite warrant this supposition; for the circumstance from which the greatest part of her comfort seemed derived was the union of Casimir and Ypsilanti; yet in every other particular she so indicated un-



common attachment, that if the former opinion was rejected, no other could be admitted but that her misfortunes and ill-treatment, and perhaps the recent calamities which to common observation she appeared not to feel, had deranged her intellects.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXXVIII.

**D**R. BULER came, and his joy at the revolution Fortune had made in favour of his casual friends was such as affected all who witnessed it. He was admitted to the Count, who, having learnt how he had interested himself for Made-moiselle de Bergzeyl, was as explicit in his professions of sorrow to him as he could have been to the Baron himself. Dr. Buler corroborated the opinions uniformly given that the Count's recovery was not to be expected, and having received his commission, he hastened into Italy, fearful that his utmost expedition would not procure the Count the satisfaction of Colonel Lusingen's forgiveness before his death.

A few days of rest, and the kind attention of the Countess, had done much towards the restoration of the almost worn-out Ypsilanti, and she and Casimir lived in the castle as became persons allied to its noble owners. The Count, aware of his precarious situation, lost no time in adjusting his temporal concerns: he made a will bequeathing the whole of his vast property to his niece; and then after all his conflicts and cruelties to end her existence, he saw all things flowing in that channel from which he had so assiduously striven to force them.

The earnestness with which the Count de Vringen had charged Dr. Buler to prevail with Colonel Lusingen to return with him, had more  
than

than the civility of hospitality in it ; and it was, soon after his *départure*, evident that he had something on his mind which he either could not or would not disclose till he was present. To prolong his existence till he had this gratification, seemed to be the extent of his worldly wishes ; and this anxiety alone disturbed the calm which his sincere and very earnest repentance had procured for him.

The generous spirit of Casimir was severely wounded by seeing how completely his most implacable enemy was subdued. He watched him with attention not inferior to filial piety ; nor was Ypsilanti less moved : by evincing her gratitude in every word and action, she endeavoured to reconcile him to himself ; but this was no easy task, now the optic faculties of his mind had discovered to him how grievously he had erred. His wife contributed her endeavours to his comfort ; she had freely forgiven every wrong she had suffered, and assured him it was atoned for by his present state of mind ; but however punctual she was in her attendance on him, and however diligent in using every means for his recovery, still that she felt no sorrow, that she was melancholy, but not on his account, that her melancholy could be dispelled by none but Casimir, and that it increased, and became every hour more perturbed, was equally certain and alarming.

Dr. Buler returned to Vringen, accompanied by Colonel Lusinguen ; but the Count lived not to obtain this satisfaction : he had expired a few hours before ; and at the moment of his death had put into the hand of Casimir a written paper to deliver to his father. What its contents were



no one knew ; it was sealed, and Casimir deposited it in safety till his father should arrive.

Immediately on the death of the Count his widow had retired to her secluded apartment, accompanied by Ypsilanti alone. She expressed no variation of temper ; but aloud thanked Heaven that had hitherto enabled her to discharge her duty. Her words were mysterious : Ypsilanti, overwhelmed with the scene she had just quitted, was not disposed to observation, and they sat down in silence. The Countess was soon more than usually perturbed, and presently sending for young Lusingen, who was busied in a distant part of the house, she detained him to answer a string of frivolous questions about his father, none of which he could reply to any otherwise than by protestations of ignorance. She then while her heart appeared rending with the utmost agonies of her remembrance, enjoined him, when his father arrived, to consider the house his own, and to give him the best reception ; but added, with a look fit only for the countenance of Medea, “ I will not see him.”

Casimir would have asked why ?—he was astonished at the prohibition and at the menacing tone with which it was uttered ; but a motion of her hand bid him be gone.—He obeyed, and in leaving her apartment, met Dr. Buler and his father ascending the staircase.

It was a conflict of mixed passions that Colonel Lusingen had to endure on embracing his son. Dr. Buler had, previously instructed by Ypsilanti and Casimir, informed him of the sad fate of his daughter Rhodolpha, and of the Baron de Bergzeyl ; it had impressed his spirits with melancholy, which the rapure of recovering his son

son could not immediately dissipate ; but after the first ebullition, his mind, which long acquaintance with misfortune had taught soon to recover its balance, grew calm, and he accepted the good now offered him.

It was one of Casimir's first cares, after he had introduced his wife to his father, and given time to their emotions to subside, to deliver to him the paper the Count de Vringen had left for him : its contents were brief, and nearly to this effect :

“ By diligent enquiry, the Count de Vringen has learnt that Colonel Lusingen married the daughter of the Baron de Greufs, and is therefore entitled to whatever belonged to her. The Count de Poehl, the Count de Vringen's father, unjustly possessed himself of the Baron's rightful inheritance. At his death he enjoined his son to make restitution ; but it was not done. — The count de Vringen therefore, by this acknowledgement, quits all claim on behalf of himself or his heirs to every part of the Count de Poehl's property : it will be easily ascertained on a reference to his papers ; and he conjures Casimir Lusingen to see his father properly reinstated in these possessions.”

This short instrument, while its purport filled the heart of Colonel Lusingen with gratitude, brought afresh to his remembrance the agony of his mind when he first visited the Baron de Greufs in his retirement. He acknowledged the bounty of Heaven, and saw the wisdom of the old man's firm confidence in its justice.

Nothing urged by Casimir or Ypsilanti could prevail on the Countess to depart from her resolution not to see Colonel Lusingen. When they went successively to urge her, they found her in increased

increased commotion almost bordering on frenzy: She again asked innumerable questions about the man she seemed to shun with an unaccountable sort of abhorrence: she seemed sometimes inclined not only to admit him but to run to him, and then instantly became more obstinately resolute to avoid him.

Night came and Colonel Lusinguen, not at all disposed to rest, parted reluctantly from his son and Ypsilanti. They attended him to his chamber door, and there leaving him, went to pay their nocturnal devoirs to the Countess, whom they found up, and, to their astonishment determined to remain so all night. Her niece, terrified at symptoms that every hour more strongly confirmed as those of insanity, with tears besought her to take care of her health. The Countess, not unmoved by her expressions, replied that all would soon be well; but her words were accompanied by such despondency that it was easy to perceive she meant that her death was the situation of well-being she alluded to.

Neither Casimir nor his wife would leave her in this perturbed state. They insisted on being allowed to share her vigils; and she did not oppose them. They were no interruption to her dreadful meditations: she was in silent agony, and appeared as if waiting for some conclusive event; but what it was they could not guess, nor would she reveal.



## C H A P. XXXIX.

**D**AY returned ; but no change of times or seasons could produce any other alteration in the Countess's apparent delirium than a very rapid increase. Casimir now tried to prevail on his wife to go to her rest, promising to remain with her aunt ; and their joint entreaties would have prevailed on her, however averse she was, had not Casimir been suddenly inquired for. The inquiry was a new alarm ; for his father requested to see him immediately in his chamber.

He found him in a situation that called for instant attention : he was pale and breathless, leaning against the wainscot of the room, and with his eyes fixed on the opposite side. Casimir inquired with tender solicitude what ailed him.—“ Tell me,” said his father, “ tell me instantly, of whom is that picture a portrait ? ” —“ Which picture ? ” said Casimir ; “ the man is the Count de Vringen, the woman is the Countess.” —“ Tis impossible,” said Colonel Lusingen : “ Casimir, 'tis your mother.” —“ Be calm, my dear Sir, I beseech you,” said his son ; “ the resemblance misleads you : I have seen the picture often, though never till now in this room, it has been lately moved here—” —“ Tis, I assure you, my wife's aunt, the Countess de Vringen ; perhaps my mother might be like her : but is it probable that the Count  
“ de Vringen,

“ de Vringen, who has under his hand confessed  
 “ his injustice to the Baron de Greufs’ family,  
 “ should keep a picture of his daughter ?”—“ I  
 “ do not mean the Baron de Greufs’ daughter,”  
 “ replied Colonel Lusinguen—Casimir, I could  
 “ reveal such a tale to you—the Baron de Greufs’  
 “ daughter was not your mother—I had a wife,  
 “ the chosen object of my first, my fondest af-  
 “ fection ; she was your mother—I believed her  
 “ false ; I abandoned her, and she died.—After  
 “ her death, I was prevailed on, by inevitable  
 “ circumstances, to marry her whom you suppose  
 “ your mother ; and ’tis not many years since I  
 “ received from a Benedictine, who had been  
 “ my mother’s confessor, a letter which she  
 “ wrote on her death-bed, confessing that her  
 “ excessive zeal for my interests had prompted  
 “ her to deceive me into a suspicion of my wife’s  
 “ fidelity : this he had secreted ; but at length,  
 “ from motives of conscience, delivered up to  
 “ me. The many sorrows of my life have all  
 “ appeared trifles when compared to the anguish  
 “ of that moment of discovery.—I considered  
 “ myself as a murderer : my conscience is every  
 “ moment iterating to me that, by the weakest  
 “ and most hasty credulity, I killed the most  
 “ amiable woman upon earth.”

“ You did not kill her—she lives to vindicate  
 “ herself,” said a voice from behind the picture.  
 —Colonel Lusinguen, starting from his leaning  
 posture, sprang forward—the picture receded : a  
 door opened, and the Countess entered, followed  
 by Ypsilanti : Casimir remaining stupefied with  
 wonder.

Nothing like the disappointment consequent  
 on such a mistake as the having mistaken the pic-  
 ture

ture of one person for that of another, was observable in Colonel Lusingen's countenance: on the contrary, he, instantly as the Countess advanced, caught her to his bosom, exclaiming in wild rapture, "'Tis she, 'tis she; tis my " Maria Kluber!"

To obtain Ypsilanti's acquiescence in her scheme, the Countess had been compelled to reveal those circumstances which would most excite her surprise, and thus had removed all her fears for the sanity of her mind. She therefore shared the joy which was unintelligible to Casimir.

" You heard of my death," said the Countess to Colonel Lusingen, as soon as she had fully explained those circumstances that had deceived her husband, " and it was generally reported, " because it was thought impossible I could survive. When I left your mother's, I retired " to my father, whom I found a prisoner under " sentence of death. When he was preparing " to receive the stroke of justice, he was visited " by the Count de Vringen, then a rising favourite at our court. The Count had seen me " and had conceived a passion for me: he offered to use his utmost interest to save my father, " if I would promise to reward his success by " becoming his wife.—I hesitated—my father, " anxious to live, strove to overcome my scruples—I at length told him what restrained me: " —he was furious with indignation at my having been duped into a marriage that the laws " did not sanction—he told me it was no marriage " and therefore could be no impediment.—His " rage subsiding, he entreated me to accept the " Count de Vringen: he asked it with tears, " and I submitted to be the ransom for my father.

—In



“ —In one way I was rewarded ; for the sacra-  
 “ fice I made procured peace for him who had  
 “ required it ; he lived out his life in tranquil  
 “ comfort, while I was every moment suffering  
 “ new torments from the cruelty of my husband,  
 “ towards whom I could not disguise my want  
 “ of affection so effectually as I concealed my  
 “ misery from my father.

“ No sooner was I left friendless, than the  
 “ Count made me a prisoner, in which state I  
 “ lived till a short time before his death. Com-  
 “ pelled to such a marriage, and awake to no  
 “ affection but that I bore you and my lost infant,  
 “ I will not deny that I uniformly beheld with  
 “ abhorrence him and his sons, who seemed to  
 “ exceed him in every possible species of wicked-  
 “ ness. Heaven has at length released me from  
 “ them ; and now let me give way to the emoti-  
 “ ons I have, ever since Casimir’s coming hither  
 “ struggled with, and let me embrace as my son  
 “ him whom the condition of my uncle’s will  
 “ constitutes the Count de Hoensdern.”

The gloomy deamon that had so long fixed  
 his abode in the castle of Vringen, seemed at this  
 instant to take his flight. Justice, followed by  
 Peace, assumed the command ; and a family  
 who, collectedly and individually, had been mark-  
 ed by misfortune, flourished in the full enjoyment  
 of every thing valuable, and transmitted to their  
 illustrious posterity this irrefragable truth, that  
 however Vice may for a time tyrannize, there  
 is a triumph reserved for Virtue.

"—In one way I was rewarded; for the fact—  
 "that I made procured peace for him who had  
 "repaid it; he lived out his life in tranquil  
 "comfort, while I was every moment suffering  
 "new torments from the cruelty of my husband,  
 "towards whom I could not disguise my want  
 "of affection so effectually as I concealed my  
 "miserable love from my father.

"No sooner was I left friendsless, than the  
 "Count made me a prisoner, in which state I  
 "lived till a short time before his death. Com-  
 "pelled to such a marriage, and awake to no  
 "affection but that I bore you and my lost infant,  
 "I will not deny that I uniformly beheld with  
 "abhorrence him and his sons, who seemed to  
 "exceed him in every possible species of wicked-  
 "ness. Heaven has at length released me from  
 "them; and now let me give way to the emotion  
 "I have, ever since Calista's coming hither  
 "struggled with, and let me embrace as my son  
 "him whom the condition of my uncle's will  
 "constitutes the Count de Hohenheim."

The gloomy demon that had so long fixed  
 his abode in the castle of Vingen, seemed at this  
 instant to take his flight. Justice, followed by  
 Peace, assumed the command; and a family  
 who, collectedly and individually, had been mark-  
 ed by misfortune, flourished in the full enjoyment  
 of every thing valuable, and transmitted to their  
 illustrious posterity this inextinguishable truth, that  
 however Vice may for a time triumph, there  
 is a triumph reserved for Virtue.



